

Next week! "The GAMIN DETECTIVE; or, Willful Will the Boy Clerk!"

NEW YORK SUNDAY JOURNAL A HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, } PUBLISHERS.
David Adams,

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: { One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, 2.00
Two copies, one year, 5.00

No. 364.

IN HEAVEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Some earthly friendships fail us,
When winds of sorrow blow,
As fair, sweet blossoms perish
Beneath an early snow.
The heart that loves the strongest
May first of all be riven,
To bid our hearts remember even.
There's nothing sure but Heaven.

The heart we lean on faintly,
The hand we grasp grows cold,
And brass is in the treasure
We counted purest gold.
When in His strange, deep wisdom,
God takes what He has given,
The mute lips seem to whisper,
There's nothing sure but Heaven!

On—hush! beyond the shadows
What sounds of groans on the hills!
There ours are our forever,
Untouched by earthly ill.
Love nevermore will fail us,
Nor hearts with love be riven,
When in the glad time coming
We find the way to Heaven.

Silver Sam;

or,

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LITTLE OF THE WRESTLER'S ART.

"Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!"

THIS was the first time that the eyes of the citizens of Deadwood had ever rested upon the uncouth and strangely-attired unknown, and, naturally, his sudden and decidedly dramatic appearance excited a great deal of astonishment.

His loud tone, too, as well as the nature of the words he uttered, attracted the attention of all within ear-shot, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before a little circle of wondering miners began to gather around him.

The most astonished man in the crowd was the one whom he had addressed in such a familiar manner—the quiet and stern-faced Montana.

He turned in utter surprise as the boisterous boasts of the stranger rung out on the night air, and, facing the new-comer, surveyed him with wonder.

The man was an utter stranger to him; never before, to Montana's knowledge, had his eyes rested upon the red and swollen face of the man who had so proudly proclaimed himself to be own cousin and namesake of the ever-to-be-remembered mate of the "Prairie Belle."

The moon was shining brightly and afforded plenty of light for the striking tableau thus suddenly formed.

"Yes, sir—ee!" bellowed the man, loudly; "you are the meat I seek! I'm fur you, I'm king pin of Deadwood! I'm chief, I am! Lemme introduce myself!"

And then the stranger drew himself up silkily, and removing the battered-up silk hat, swung it gracefully in the air.

"Do you know him?" asked Hallowell, astonished at the antics of the fellow.

Montana shook his head.

He had taken the stranger's measure pretty correctly, as the saying is. It was not the first time that he had seen some brawny ruffian proclaim himself "chief," and dare to mortal combat a whole mining-camp, thirsting for glory under the influence of the potent liquor so commonly dispensed on the outskirts of civilization; but, why this man should single him out by name, to pick a quarrel with, was a mystery. As a general rule the daring soul who plants himself in the middle of the street and proclaims that he is a chief of note, and on the war-path, never cares much who he fights as he fights somebody.

"Yes, sir—ee!" yelled the stranger; "Montana! That's the name of the diggings I dispise! Jest slap me in the face, and then I'm fur you, tooth and toe-nails! You've heard of me, I reckon, own cousin to Jim of the Prairie Belle."

"Oh, he warn't no saint, was Jimmies, Them engineers—and bull-whackers—are pretty much all alike, One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill, An' sixteen hyer in Pike."

"An' he howled above the roar, Till I an' my pard's ashore,

That's me! I'm his pard, all of me! I'm the blue-nosed, ring-tailed b'ar of Wolf Mountain!

Slap me in the face, you deer-skin kivered cuss, an' see how I'll peal those 'tarnal Injun's fixin's off you! I'm the game-cock of the divide! I'm all spur except my head and that's a bullet! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The antics of the brawny fellow, coupled with his absurd speech, were so ridiculous that the bystanders fairly roared with laughter.

"Come, strip for the love of goodness, miser!" yelled the bull-whacker. "I've got to



Up from the rocks and pines sprung a dozen warriors, with rifle and knife, and spear.

eat a grizzly b'ar 'tween now and morning and I'm gittin' hungry!"

"I've no quarrel with you," said Montana, hardly knowing what to make of the fellow. "Of course you ain't—how could you? You never see'd me afore, but now I'm hyer.

"The Moraster was a better boat, But the Belle she wouldn't be passed; And so I tore along, the oldest boat on the line,

"This cuss a-squattin' on her safety valve, An' Bludsoe chock full of whisky an' wine!"

Come off with your deer-skin, and g'rn me a tussle. Jest for the fun of the thing. I'm full of fun—biling over!"

"I'll take a turn with you, by gosh!" cried Hallowell, stepping forward, his blood heated with the unusual quantity of drink which he had imbibed, and prompt to take up the quarrel which Montana seemed unwilling to assume.

"Stranger, you air a trump!" cried the brawny fellow, in admiration, "but you ain't the b'ar I've lost to-day. This hyer gent is what I want to feed on! Say, spit in my face one't and oblige yourn truly!"

"Hold on!" said Montana, his strong right hand on Hallowell's shoulder, "I am able to attend to my own affairs. All I wish to know is why I am singled out in this manner. I never saw this fellow before in my life, and if he has come to Deadwood expressly to fight the bully of the town I think that any one of my acquaintances here will tell him that I am not the man he seeks."

"Stranger, for the love of heaven let's fight and not talk," yelled the unknown. "You're the man I want. I'm heeled! Jest spit in my face or slap it, or tread on my toes, or say I can't drink, or—"

"He won't fight; Montana is a coward!" cried a voice from the crowd.

Each man looked at his neighbor, and Montana started as if he had trodden upon a rat-snake and the whirr of the reptile's alarm was in the air.

The voice seemed to come from a portion of the circle where some blue uniforms were visible—soldiers from the fort.

"Will the man who said that step out and show himself?" Montana exclaimed, evidently under the influence of great excitement, for every muscle in his powerful frame was trembling.

No one stirred. The maker of the charge evidently did not care to back up his words by deeds.

"Never mind him; I'm your bundle of hay.

"I'm the oate for you to foder on!" cried Bludsoe, fairly dancing up and down and swinging his arms around like a pair of windmills.

"Jest g'in me a little crack in the face an' I'll call it square, oh, you long-legged, slab-sided—"

What more he would have said is not known, for Montana, with a single sweep of his muscular arm, gave the boss bull-whacker the crack he so earnestly desired.

The blow was given with the palm of the open hand, but so skillfully delivered, and with such force, that it sounded like the crack of a mule-driver's whip, and tumbled the quarrelsome stranger over sideways, with an aching head.

But on his feet again in an instant was the brawny fellow, and he rushed at Montana with all the strength and fury of a wild bull.

Not unprepared, though, was the miner, and as the bull-whacker rushed at him, headlong, he jumped to one side, tripped the giant with his foot, caught him as he fell forward with his left arm round his bull neck, pressed the head against his side, and with a strength and skill such as few men in that crowd had ever seen displayed before, lifted the assailant bodily from the ground and threw him over his shoulder.

Down came the giant, flat on his back, with a thud that fairly shook the earth; the bull head dropped back with a gasp escaping from the thick-lipped mouth, and the man lay limp and still.

A little of the wrestler's art Montana had exhibited that night in Deadwood. He had "cross-buttocked" the giant and given him what a Cornish man would have termed a burster.

"He's killed!" cried one of the crowd, in alarm, noticing that the man did not stir.

On the other side of the street, in the shadow of a house, stood a gentleman and lady; passing down the street, they had stopped, attracted by the crowd, and had witnessed the affair.

"Come, Dianora; you take a strange interest in this street brawl," the gentleman, Congressman Mort Campbell, said.

"No wonder; one of them is my husband!" the Washington belle answered.

CHAPTER IX.

SATISFACTION.

"We work by wit and not by witchcraft."

"The man is dead, sure enough!" cried another of the crowd, as they all pressed around the prostrate form of the boasting bull-whacker.

"Stand back and give him air!" exclaimed a third looker-on.

"It was done on the square!" cried Hallowell, deeply impressed with the skill of his quiet partner.

"The prettiest thing I ever seed!" cried a rough-bearded miner, in high admiration.

"Throw some water over him!" suggested the landlord of the Big Horn saloon, who had been attracted to the door by the noise.

"Give him some whisky!" sung out one of the crowd.

"No, don't waste the liquor!" cried another.

The average American must have his joke, and the rougher the crowd the keener the sense of humor.

But some one of the bystanders was prompt to act upon the suggestion of Dick Skelly, the Boniface of the Big Horn, and a tumbler of water was dashed into the upturned face of the giant.

The sudden dash of cold water produced the result anticipated, and slowly Mr. Jimmus Bludsoe opened his great goggly-eyes.

He stared around him for a few moments, evidently bewildered, and without making any attempt to get up.

"How goes it, old man?" asked the fellow with the tumbler, who possessed an inquiring mind.

"The boss bull-whacker of Cheyenne's famous town" slowly rose to a sitting posture and blinked his eyes around him.

"Say! wot sort of a town do you call this, when you knock a man down an' then throw a

brick house on top of him?" the giant demanded.

There was a moment of silence after this question was propounded, and then a roar of laughter went up from the throats of the crowd.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the miners, and one stout individual fairly roared till the tears came in his eyes.

An indignant look appeared upon the features of the stranger.

"Funny, ain't it?" he growled; "but I'll jest go you two dollars an' a half that you don't play it on this chap ag'in. Hyer's my shoulders, but whar's my head?"

And then the crowd roared again.

The bull-whacker's eyes fell upon Montana, standing with folded arms in the moonlight.

"I take it all back, stranger; you ain't the man I want to see, at all. I've barked up the wrong tree; I thought that you hadn't any fun in you but you're as full of fun as a meat ax!"

"Are you satisfied?" asked Montana, grimly; his blood was up now, and he felt inclined to give the braggart another taste of his quality; then, too, still in his ears was ringing the taunting voice which had branded him as a coward in the open streets of Deadwood.

"Satisfied?" cried Bludsoe, still retaining his sitting posture. "Blazes! yes—I ain't a hog! I know when I've got enough."

"Easily satisfied!" cried a voice in the crowd; the same voice which had previously taunted Montana. It was plain that the intent was to spur the giant on to another trial of Montana's prowess.

"Oh, you bet!" Bludsoe responded, with a grin, rising to his feet and shaking his head as the grizzly bear shakes his noddle when the leaden balls of the hunters rattle fruitlessly upon it. "Come an' take a hand in the thing yourself. You want too much pork for a shiffling, you don't play circus all the time."

And then the giant turned and surveyed Montana with a great deal of curiosity. "Pardner, you're a well-built man, but how did it get me?"

"Try it on again, and maybe you'll discover," Montana answered.

"No, thank you, no sugar in mine, this time," Mr. Bludsoe replied. "I've got all I want for the present. I've had a fair show for my money, and now I'll quit; but how you did it—why, I'm big enough to eat you!"

"I reckon that it is because I have learned to use my hands and feet, and you haven't," Montana replied.

"Sarten; I reckon that's a fact! Wa-al, you'll have to excuse me now; some other time I'll try to squar' this account, for I hate to owe any man anything. So-long!" Much obliged, boys, for your seein' that I had a fair show, but mebbe I'd feel better in my mind if 'bout a dozen of you had jumped on me, so that I could have had a fair excuse to take water.

It's the furst time that a Bludsoe of the Peraria Belli ever cried quits on the furst heat; and with this remark the giant walked away; the crowd opened and made room for him to pass down the street.

The miners watched the burly form until it disappeared in the shadows cast by the shanties below, and many a jest went round at the expense of the "old he-goat" of the Big Horn mountain range, as the stranger had proudly

termed himself—the man who had come for wool and returned shorn.

Montana and Hallowell walked slowly away from the front of the saloon, proceeding up the street.

"By gosh, Montana!" the tall son-of-Maine exclaimed, "that was the handsomest thing I ever seed! Why, you downed him as slick as a whistle. Christmas! why I never seed any thing like that before. Say, that's a prize-fighter's trick, ain't it?"

"They use it; it is about the worst fall that you can give a man, and this fellow was so big and unwieldy that his own weight made him come down with terrible force. I don't think that I could catch him again on it, though."

"Montana, you ain't seen the last of that fellow!" Hallowell exclaimed, abruptly, after thinking about the matter for a moment.

"You think so?" Montana was non-committal.

"Sarten; he'll try and do you a mischief for that pretty trick you showed him to-night."

"If he's not careful I'll show him one worth two of that," Montana replied, in his cold, quiet way.

"Why, I hadn't the least idee that you understand how to fight!"

"Partner, I hav'n't lived thirty-odd years in this world for nothing. I have fought my own way ever since I was a boy of ten years; I've been all over the world as a sailor, and it would be a wonder if, after knocking round the way I have, I didn't know a trick or two worth the knowing."

"But this fellow looked to be almost twice as big as you are."

"He probably weighs forty or fifty pounds more than I do, but it's useless fat, about as valuable to him as so many pounds of lead would be belted to his waist. I am weighing now about a hundred and sixty, but it's my fighting weight, as the saying is, and I couldn't take off ten pounds without being the worse for it. Why, with my knowledge of boxing and superior agility, if I came to a fistful encounter with this fellow, I'd hammer him all to pieces and barely get a bruise myself."

"Well, now, Montana, I declare you kin shoot me if I ain't astonished!" Hallowell exclaimed.

"We have bin partners now for some time, and I never spicioned that you was that sort of man at all. You allus seemed to try to keep out of fusses."

"So I do, but once in, I know how to bear my part," his companion replied, significantly.

appear to thrive and wax fat in this world's vanities, while weaker and more honest fellows lose heart watching the rising of such evil stars, and question the wisdom of Providence that seems to favor the evil-doer.

A smart man indeed was Campbell, for nothing stopped him; his word was as a rope of straw—his bond, a foolish thing, fit only for a lawyer's plaything.

When other men kept their faith and lost, he broke contracts and escaped the ruin.

A smart, thriving, fow-handed man indeed was the thick-set, coarse-featured, vulgar-mannered, red-headed, red-whiskered Congressman.

And how came the Illinois drover to be elected to a seat in that body of august wisdom, which we patient lookers-on set to rule over us, and who, with grave faces, we call statesmen, "Heaven save the mark?"

The explanation was easy. In a certain district in lower Illinois, Egypt, as it used to be termed in the days when the Illinois central railway was forcing its path through the almost uninhabited prairies, that are now blossoming like the rose, thanks to the adventurous emigrants from afar, one party largely outnumbered its opponent.

Egypt they termed the land in contempt, and, in truth, it was a region sadly needing the light of civilization, and some parts of it even at the present time would be benefited by a little more schoolmaster and a little less whisky.

As we have said, one political party was much stronger than the other—so much so that the weaker side had great difficulty in getting a candidate to run at all, for, mark you, elections cost money, and it is poor consolation to pay for certain defeat, for few elections are there in this, or any other land, where the contestants do not "shell out" liberally to influence the free and independent voter.

It was a forlorn hope, then, that Mort Campbell led when he secured the nomination and set himself up to be knocked down at the polls on election day, as all believed.

For once in his life the wily Mort had apparently made a mistake, and many a local prophet shook his head and suggested that "pride runneth to a fall," and that Mort's sudden rise to fortune by dark and cunning devices had turned his head, and that as he had emulated a rocket he would now enact the stick.

But Campbell seemed as familiar with the devious ways that lead to political fortune as any man-jack of them all.

Money he spent like water; stout-shouldered, big-listed fellows, imported from the slums of Chicago, acted as his advocates; voters were colonized, newspapers bought, and all the "ways that are dark and tricks that were vain" were employed.

The opposing candidate, sure of his election, neglected the canvass, and his followers sneered at the "hog-butcher" who wanted to go to Washington.

Quickly Campbell and his crowd took up the name.

He was a hog-butcher—a MAN OF THE PEOPLE—and he wasn't ashamed to own it, and that bold trick won him many votes.

Just twenty majority had Campbell when the votes were counted; he had won by a neck, as it were.

The other party stormed, contested the election, but Campbell had been too smart for them, and they couldn't prove the fraud that had evidently been committed.

And from that day to the present time Campbell had been regularly elected from that district.

True, the war had taken place and the district had veered in sentiment, first one way and then the other, but Campbell was like the historic postmaster who kept his office, no matter which party won; as he simply said he'd defy any administration to change quicker than he could.

No matter how great the political storm, Mr. Congressman Campbell always came up smiling on top of the billow.

And as the drover thrived, so doubly thrived the politician; he had only enlarged the sphere of his usefulness.

Great in railroads, great in embryo cities—metropolises yet to be—deeply interested in mines, coal in Illinois—his own district swarmed with mines—copper by Superior's waters, and now he had journeyed to Deadwood to try a little venture in the richer metals.

"See here! I don't understand this!" the father exclaimed; "where on earth did you get husband?"

"In Chicago, papa!" answered the girl, not at all abashed.

"Well, hang me!" cried Campbell, annoyed; "you never told me anything about it!"

"No, papa; it was while I was at school at Chicago and you were in Washington. I was only a child then, and it seemed so romantic to get married without letting any one know anything about it."

"By Jove! you're a cool hand!"

"Yes, papa; I take after you. I always do as I like, you know. The stupid fellow ran away from me after a little while and I didn't feel like telling anybody what a goose I had made of myself. I don't know why I said anything about it to-night, but I suppose it was because I was so surprised at seeing him. I thought the fellow was dead, long ago."

The girl spoke as coolly as if she was talking of an animal, instead of a human, and that human the man she had sworn to love, honor, and obey.

"Oh, you don't care for him, then?" This was the inference that the father had drawn from the daughter's tone.

"Well, I don't know—that depends," Diana answered, slowly.

"Depends upon what?" Campbell was curious.

"Upon how he is situated, and what he is doing; if he has another wife, or is going to get one, then I may trouble him. I ought to punish him for the ugly trick he played me. It isn't complimentary to a girl to have her lover run away from her after he becomes her husband."

"What's his name?"

"Why should I tell you that? What use is it? He has probably used a dozen, and none of them is his own."

The two had been walking slowly up the street during this conversation and had now reached the hotel where they were staying.

"Well, you will have your own way, of course," the father said, as he stepped over the threshold; "but, don't make a fool of yourself."

"Don't be afraid. I am too much like you not to be cautious!" she answered, and the two passed into the house.

Five minutes afterward Montana and Hallowell came by, on their way home to their cabin in the West Gulch.

It was a wild, romantic place, hemmed in by great rocks, frowning down upon a little streamlet.

Hallowell entered the cabin while Montana

strode on up the gorge to the mine. He craved solitude and silence that he might think.

And then, in the flush of an eye, a startling picture was formed in that wild ravine under the light of the moon. Up from the rocks and pines sprung a dozen red warriors, and with rifle and knife, and spear and tomahawk they threatened the life of Montana.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

LOST LOVE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Though the ring on her finger
Shines brightly no more,
My love it shall finger
On memory's shore.
Let me thy love perish
That speaks not her fame;
Let memory cherish
Her face and her name!
Who says that love slumbers
Not in hearts bereft?
The heart strikes its numbers,
Though but one chord be left.
It is a world's El Dorado
That borders on the seen;
But alas! the dark shadow
Gilds between.

If love is proved shallow,
By flying from pain,
It comes like the swallow,
Homeward again.
Or it comes like the letter
That comes in rhyme,
With every feather
Broken by time!

No love is enduring
That hath not been born;
No crown is worth wearing
That hath not a thorn.
In the beautiful roses,
Far over the sea,
No daylight discloses
The sting of the bee!

Why grieve when 'tis over?
A man's heart deceived;
A heart that believed!
Neath the waves of life's river
I'll bury regret;
But I know I can never,
No, never forget!

Winning Ways:

OR,

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XIV.

Upon a summer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed doon,
My lassie in a braw new gown
Gae o'er the hill to the park.
The rosebud, tinged with morning shower,
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Gowrie.

—SCORCH SONG.

Kitty, overpowered by her own conflicting feelings and the strangeness of her situation, received the first overt act of homage on the part of the captain in her absence.

"There," said he, "that is my first and my last caress. Oh, this is heavenly indeed, after the torture of last week! I could not keep away any longer; I should come to you at all risks this afternoon."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I

only strike Bricktop's scent now, there'd be some use talkin'."

Opening the door Pete walked boldly into the saloon.

Its occupants consisted of half a dozen burly loafers who were hanging idly about the counter, and several others seated at tables round the room.

One party of four were busily playing poker, with a greasy pack of cards. A tall, black-whiskered man sat near them, overlooking their game.

They looked with a careless glance round at Pete, who returned their stare with interest.

They were all unknown to him, that was certain. Colonel Green, or Joe Prime, did not inhabit that locality.

The boy moved carelessly toward the group of loafers by the counter, intending to question them concerning the object of his search.

"What in plazas does a cub like you want here amokin'?" growled the bartender. "Ain't got bringin' up enough to shut the door after him, neither."

"Guess you ain't got many men here that I'd turn my back on," said Pete, defiantly. "Tain't always the biggest rooster that's the best fighter."

The black-whiskered man now looked round for the first time. He merely glanced at Pete's face, and then quickly turned to observe the game again.

"I won't be taken down in politeness, though," said Pete. "I'll shut the door, being's you kinder want it."

He was prevented from doing so by an unexpected incident.

Nicodemus, whom he had left outside the saloon, now pushed the door wide open with his nose, and ran in.

He gave one small at his master's feet, and then hastily scuttled round the room, with a movement as if he was at fault about a scat.

This lasted but an instant, and Pete was hindered from closing the door by a loud barking from his faithful dog.

Turning he saw that the animal had made a fierce attack upon him of the black whiskers, barking, springing at him, and making savage efforts to bite him.

The man sprung hastily to his feet, with a fierce growl.

"Curse the brute, what ails it?" he cried, attempting to kick the dog. But Nicodemus was too spry. He kept out of reach of the heavy boots of his antagonist, though making the most strenuous efforts to insert his teeth in the man's legs.

"Down with you, Nicodemus! What ails you, dog?" cried Pete.

But the animal was not to be pacified. He continued his assault.

"Blast his infernal picture!" cried the man, in a towering rage. "I'll settle his hash for him."

He drew and cocked a pistol as he spoke.

"That's my dog!" said Pete. "I fight for that dog. Maybe you'd like to settle my hash?"

"Yes," cried the man, savagely, turning his pistol on Pete, ere the latter could draw his own weapon.

There was no bravado in that town. Pistols were not drawn in sport. The life of a man was taken as lightly as that of a dog. It would have been a serious matter for Pete, only that Nicodemus was not his master.

The man meant murder, and drew the trigger of his pistol with cool aim. But at the same instant Nicodemus buried his teeth in the fellow's unprotected calf. His hand twitched upward with the pain, and the ball passed over Pete's head.

He kicked savagely back at the animal, and again aimed his weapon at Pete.

But the young spy was not going to be taken twice napping. His own pistol cracked sharply, and the man's weapon dropped to the floor, his right arm falling heavily to his side.

"What the blazes is up?" cried the bartender, displaying a similar weapon.

"This is what's up," yelled Pete, leaping at his antagonist and grasping his bushy black whiskers.

A quick pull, and beard and mustache came off together, revealing the clean-shaved face, and devilish look of Colonel Green!

"No use, kurnel; you're sold," cried Pete. "Don't you fellers be fightin' for this rascal and baby-stealer. You don't know him."

"If I don't know him you can sell me out cheap!" cried the card party, rising to his feet, pistol in hand.

Several other weapons were displayed by the party, and it seemed as if there was going to be a general affray.

The unmasked ruffian ripped out a desperate oath, and with a quick movement displayed a long knife in his left hand.

An agile leap placed him beside Pete, with the knife brandished above the boy's unprotected head.

"Back down there a bit, you lop-sided hound!" cried a voice from the door.

These words were accompanied by the sharp report of a pistol, and the ruffian staggered and fell headlong.

"Two can play at that game," continued the voice, as its owner stalked into the room. "I'm Bill Grubb, the scout. I've pounced an infernal thief and rascal. If he's got any friend as wants to take it up I'll take him at ten paces."

"Fight for that critter!" cried the man who had risen from the card party. "Not if I know myself. I know him like a book. He was hunted out of Washoe three years ago by a vigilance committee, for a bloody murderer. He only saved his neck by taking to his heels."

"He's got a door-mail, now, anyhow," said the bartender. "I know the critter. He ain't no longer to society."

Pete had fallen back with a nervous revulsion in a chair. He was not yet hardened to such scenes and perils. The dog was affectionately licking his hand.

"You're a hoss, Nicodemus, you are," said Pete, with a return of his old humor. "And I owe you one, Bill Grubb. Pay it back some time before we part. Where's the gal, that's the next question?"

"What gal?" asked the card-player.

"This dead coe stole a gal from our train at Gravely Ford. We've chased him ever since at top speed, and just holted him here. He'd throwed us now if it weren't for the dog. It's you I'm talkin' about, Nicodemus."

"It's a daughter of Mr. Ellis, of Virginia City," said the scout.

"What! John Ellis?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Don't! He made his fortune in these diggin's. Stole Jack Ellis' daughter, eh? What for?"

"Dummo," said Pete. "Wanted to bleed the daddy, I reckon. What did he do with the gal, that's the question?"

"I'm the gal," said the bartender, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.

Pete's movement toward the inner portion of the house was hindered by the vision of a flying child, who came bursting through an inner door, and flinging her arms with a choking clasp round his neck.

"Oh, Pete! Pete!" cried the well-known voice of Minnie Ellis. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Take my out of this horrible, horrible place! Quick, Pete, before that dreadful man comes!"

Pete, fearful lest she should see the spectacle on the floor, lifted her in his arms, and bore her through the gathering crowd at the door.

"You'll never be troubled with him ag'in, Minnie," he said. "Picayune Pete's about now. Don't lose sight of you ag'in, nowhow."

"Oh, Pete," she continued. "I'll never get over my fright. He made so much of me, and coaxed me out of the wagon to see the sun rise over the mountains, and then put me on horseback and ran away with me. Oh, how I prayed for you all the dreadful days!"

"You have me now," said Pete. "And he won't trouble you no more."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"There, Minnie, my gal, don't be askin' questions. And here's Nicodemus, too, you ain't seen."

The dog was frisking gladly about them. Minnie, whom Pete had now placed on the ground, stooped and patted him with childlike gladness. She had no words to express her gratitude for this deliverance.

"Hurry up, Pete," said Bill Grubb, who had now left the saloon and made his way through the gathering crowd. "Dead men don't kick, and it ain't counted no harm in Austin to shoot a thief. But there ain't no tellin' how people's natures may turn; and there's a queer crowd here; the feller mought have friends. Best hunt up Tom, and make tracks while we're on the safe side."

He raised his rifle so threateningly that the savage drew hastily back. An arrow, the next instant, struck the rock above their heads, as if the savages were determining to bring them to their senses.

It was answered by the report of Bill Grubb's rifle, and one of the Indian horses fell dead to the ground, flinging its rider heavily.

"That's tit for tat," muttered the scout.

A flight of dozen arrows followed, evidently aimed to hurt. Pete felt a sharp twinge of pain in his side. He had seated himself so as to cover Minnie.

He raised his weapon, and, with quick aim, fired back. The report was simultaneous with that from Tom Wilson's weapon.

Two of the savages reeled in their saddles. One fell to the ground.

The discharge was answered by a revengeful yell, and a second flight of arrows. The savages rode boldly in, as if, with the impression that their foes were now defenseless.

They were taught better than this by the sharp reports of a brace of pistols. Another of them fell to the ground. Pete's pistol wounded one of the horses, which turned and ran off at full speed.

Admired of the danger of coming to close quarters, the savages hastily drew off to a distance, and commenced pouring in their arrows at a dangerous rate, so concealing themselves behind their swiftly-running horses that no bullet could reach them.

"This is gettin' infernal hot," growled Tom. "I've got half a dozen nasty scratches already. We must take their plan and make a breastwork of our horses."

He raised his weapon, and, with quick aim, fired down. Minnie, to his friend, and then, for an instant, stood erect on his horse, evading two chambers of his pistol at the foe. One of the flying horses tumbled and fell, burying his rider beneath him. Pete sprang to the ground in time to avoid a flight of arrows.

The savages were now doubly cautious. It was impossible to get a safe shot at them, while they had a good target in the motionless animals of the scouts.

Seemed their purpose to wound and stampede these animals, nor was their object unselfless, for Tom's horse, restive from a sharp arrow wound in his side, tore the rein from his master's hand and galloped out into the plain.

The yell of triumph of the savages was cut short by the report of the angry scout's rifle, which he had succeeded in reloading. The ball crashed through the head of one of the Indians, which had been for a moment shown.

As if in echo of this a peal of rifle-shots followed, and two more saddles were emptied in the small remainder of the Indian party rode off.

The small remainder of the Indian party rode off. At the same time that a group of horsemen rode out from the pass, several of them chasing the flying savages.

Our friends waited in wonder for the arrival of this reinforcement. Minnie clung to Pete's hands, trembling violently with excitement.

Nicodemus, who had crouched down by the rock during the fray, was now snarling and biting at one of the fallen Indians.

At the head of the approaching party was a stalwart, handsome man, of middle age. He rode up and scanned the sunburnt faces of the scouts.

"I am John Ellis, of Virginia City," he said, as he dismounted.

A faint scream from behind met his ears. Minnie leaped forward with the lightness of a fawn, and buried herself in his arms.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried. "Oh my dear, good papa! I've come so many miles to you and through such dreadful scenes. Isn't it good to come in time to save us? These are Mr. Wilson and Mr. Grubb, my kind friends. And this is Picayune Pete. And there is Nicodemus! Oh, I'm so happy!"

"And this is my little daughter?" he said, gazing fondly down on the nestling child.

"Where is the villain who stole her?"

He looked around with a stern glance.

"Gone under," was Bill Grubb's sententious reply.

"And you rescued her, my good friends," he said, with a grateful look. "I got word by a rider from your train, and came out here to meet you. Just in time, too, it seems."

"It is that you, Miss Madeline?"

"Yes; come down at once."

Something in her voice impressed him, and he came down without a word and stood beside her. She held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Raimund, I don't know anything about it, and I don't want you to tell me anything. Only I think you had better go away at once. The sheriff and another man were just here after you. I have sent them off to the Willows. I think the other man was a detective."

He stopped speaking and stood looking at him and waiting. He did not seem startled or surprised. A certain hard look had come into his eyes like a man brought to bay. Madeline saw it, and her countenance fell. He was a thief then. She had known it, and yet she had hoped there was some mistake. Then, as he looked at her his glance grew softer. He had not let go her hand. Now he pressed it warmly.

"You are right," he said. "I must go away. You shall never regret what you have done."

He put his foot in the stirrup, and the next instant was in the saddle.

"If you go straight down the lane and gallop fast, you will get to the Berwick station in time for the three o'clock express. Leave Frank with the station-master. I—I hope nothing will happen. No one shall know from me."

Madeline stopped, for her voice was husky and indistinct. Raimund bent suddenly down from his saddle, put his arms round her and kissed her.

"Good-by, Madeline, and God bless you," he whispered.

"I must take my chance for it, for the determined-looking man had come up to the head of the stairs and was watching her."

"I'm sorry not to find him," he said to her.

"However, if I don't find him at the place you say, we will come back here." And so he went down again and they drove away.

Madeline watched them out of sight, then at the clock and went straight out to the barn. She knew well enough all the while that Raimund had gone out there with his book and was probably asleep on the hay. She went in and put the saddle on Frank, and led him out upon the floor. Then she called softly to Raimund. There was a stir, and then his voice asked:

"Is that you, Miss Madeline?"

"Yes; come down at once."

Something in her voice impressed him, and he came down without a word and stood beside her. She held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Raimund, I don't know anything about it, and I don't want you to tell me anything. Only I think you had better go away at once. The sheriff and another man were just here after you. I have sent them off to the Willows. I think the other man was a detective."

He stopped speaking and stood looking at him and waiting. He did not seem startled or surprised. A certain hard look had come into his eyes like a man brought to bay. Madeline saw it, and her countenance fell. He was a thief then. She had known it, and yet she had hoped there was some mistake. Then, as he looked at her his glance grew softer. He had not let go her hand. Now he pressed it warmly.

"You are right," he said. "I must go away. You shall never regret what you have done."

He put his foot in the stirrup, and the next instant was in the saddle.

"If you go straight down the lane and gallop fast, you will get to the Berwick station in time for the three o'clock express. Leave Frank with the station-master. I—I hope nothing will happen. No one shall know from me."

Madeline stopped, for her voice was husky and indistinct. Raimund bent suddenly down from his saddle, put his arms round her and kissed her.

"Good-by, Madeline, and God bless you," he whispered.

"I must take my chance for it, for the determined-looking man had come up to the head of the stairs and was watching her."

"I'm sorry not to find him," he said to her.

"However, if I don't find him at the place you say, we will come back here." And so he went down again and they drove away.

Madeline watched them out of sight, then at the clock and went straight out to the barn. She knew well enough all the while that Raimund had gone out there with his book and was probably asleep on the hay. She went in and put the saddle on Frank, and led him out upon the floor. Then she called softly to Raimund. There was a stir, and then his voice asked:

"Is that you, Miss Madeline?"

"Yes; come down at once."

Something in her voice impressed him, and he came down without a word and stood beside her. She held out



Published every Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1877.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Price, 25 cents; to old subscribers, 20 cents. Those preferring to have the paper sent directly by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months \$1.00

" one year 3.00

Two copies, one year 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at the expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

Take NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, or for any other purpose, use the current date, and a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to

BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 MARY ST., NEW YORK.

MR. MORRIS' NEW STORY:

"Nobody's Boy" Greatly Outdone!

IN OUR NEXT COMMENCES

THE GAMIN DETECTIVE;

OR,

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk!

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY."

A story may be ever so original and yet be stupid enough, but one that is both a decided original, and good and *taking*, is something readers are eager enough for; and this is exactly what they have in this remarkably

BRIGHT AND SPIRITED STORY

of a bright and spirited lad, who, brought up literally on the curbstones, yet *forces* his way into prominence by his own peculiar tact, energy and wit. But, with the process of turning the Gamin into the successful man, there is a train of experiences, adventures and exploits that none but a real Street Arab could have been the hero of, and out of them springs a very novel novel, pervaded throughout by

EXCITEMENT, MYSTERY, PASSION,

and the deepest personal interest, both in the Gamin Detective, and in his really glorious sister, who, though not known to be such, yet becomes a heroine in the strange and eventful drama that directs the destiny of the two young persons, and decides the fate of three or four men, whose subtle plots and devious

THE BRAVE BOY CLERK

was sharp enough to penetrate and expose.

It is the best boy story printed for a long time, wholly devoid of that *taint* of vicious teaching and example which is the worst feature of the so-called boys' papers; and in Willful Will's career all read a lesson at once encouraging, suggestive, and ennobling. Such we wish all our stories to be, whether for old boys or young.

THE GIRL RIVALS!

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BRAVE BARBARA," "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

A Heart Romance—a powerful Love Story—a novel of City and Country life—a tale of deepest passion, feeling, and action—this serial will attract and enchant by its combined grace, sweeteness, and power, its strong portraiture of character, its complicated situations and the commanding interest of plot. No author now writing for the American press has won a firmer hold on the public, and this will measurably add to her fame. Soon to be given.

Sunshine Papers.

The Hand-Organ Man.

MUSIC hath charms, 'tis said, to soothe the savage soul. Yes, and it hath power to arouse all the savagery of the soul, too, on occasion. Such occasions, for instance, as being awakened by a hand-organ, grinding out the "Mabel Waltz" under your window, at seven o'clock in the morning, when you have waltzed all night.

If there is one man in the community who is a generally recognized nuisance, but a nuisance of which we find it impossible to rid ourselves, although we are assailed with the temptation to speak naughty words of him six days out of every seven, it is the hand-organ man. If you are a pious family, he never fails to stop in front of your windows at the exact moment when the family are gathered for morning devotions, and strike up a dancing tune—"Starry Night for a Rainy Day," "Little Brown Jug," or "Pull Down the Blinds," much to the discomfiture of the head of the family, who, perhaps, at that moment, is praying, "From all these things, good Lord, deliver us"; and thereby creating a mental disturbance among the younger members who quite forget to say "Amen" in their haste to get out on the sidewalk and view the musical machine, or cut a few pirouettes around the room. And if you are a generous family, and have selected some pitiful member of the hand-organ profession as a regular recipient of your bounty, he is sure to come when there is no change in the house, the children are gone to school, the servant is on the top floor, and the mistress' hands in the bread dough. There he will stand, by the window, and grind out his mélodies, with a plaintive, pleading undertone that is fairly heart-rending to the kind mistress of the house.

Do you ever have a sick headache—one of those blinding headaches, when a ray of light in the room is torture, and the slightest continuous, sudden or discordant sound sets all the nerves ajar and produces agonizing pain? Yes? Then you know to the full how to ap-

preciate the hand-organ man! Could the tortures of the Inquisition have been more diabolical than those you suffer as the faint, wheezing notes of a distant, advancing hand-organ break upon the stillness which pervades your darkened room, and has just commenced to affect with easiness influence your throbbing temples and disordered nerves? With every instant on the *qui vive*, with pulses at throat and temples bounding as if they would break through their delicate channels; with your whole body in that highly-wrought, painful, expectant state, when it seems as if the next movement or sound, which becomes apparent to the senses, would conquer all effort at self-control and force you to voice your pain in shrieks; you listen—listen as one might for a death-warrant—to discover if that horrible musical instrument is coming nearer. Yes, steadily it advances, ground by some savage hand that jerks out discordantly the tunes over the wheezy, rheumatic keys, until at length it is directly under your window. You lie and groan in uttermost anguish, and wonder where all the household may be that they are allowing the continuation of such terrible torture. Perhaps they are all busy, and in their fond hearts imagining that you have fallen into restorative slumbers; and so the torture goes on—"Mollie darling, let your answer be a kiss," "Meet me in the park, if the weather is clear," "Spring, spring, lovely spring" until in direst desperation and—without a trace of pious feeling—you spring from your bed, fling open the blinds, letting in a glare of sunlight that thrills you with agony as if it fell directly upon bare nerves, and seizing your pocket-book, throw a handful of specie out in the street. By the time you have finished closing the blinds, and thrown yourself back upon the bed, you are so deathly faint and sick and upon the verge of hysteria, that you are—well-nigh—ready to curse the hand-organ man, and die!

Ah! it is evident that Sir A. Hunt, who wrote of music,

"It is the medicine of the breaking heart," and the person who said music hath power to soothe the savage soul, knew nothing about the hand-organ man!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Foolscap Papers.

What I Know About Music.

If you have not anything to do for a few minutes, I will lay this accordeon aside, and we will talk a little about music, which I know all about and hate to keep my knowledge of it for fear that it will spoil on my hands, and you know what spoilt music is.

The true definition of music is, sound with all the noise jerked out of it, and it must be heard to be fully appreciated. You can look at a whole stack of written music of the finest order, but you can get no more idea of its sweetness than you can by looking at a roasted turkey and not eating it.

Music that goes in one ear and not out of the other, is the most to be preferred, and there are only a few of us who can make that kind of music; and in making that, you will find it necessary to pick out a whole lot of sweet sounds and put them together in a row; the selection requires great care; you must take each sound separately, hold it in your hand, and rap it with your knuckles to see if it is not cracked; then you ram them all into your flute, or bass drum, and blow out at your leisure. My neighbors used to say I could play more than anybody else; this was a pretty high compliment, and I renewed my exertions. There is nothing like a little timely encouragement as you go along.

Music is written on lines that look like a fence, called a staff, and the little black dots with tails to them, which look like tadpoles hanging on the different boards of the musical fence, have got more music in them than you would ever imagine could be squeezed out.

I learned to sing by first chalking the notes on our back fence and then climbing up, and yelling each note out as I ascended the boards, and if I fell over from the top all those different notes would come out of my mouth in a lump, in one grand solo. In this way I got very proficient in the writing of music; some pieces which I wrote even puzzled a regular professor, with a diploma, so much that he had to acknowledge, in profane terms, that it could not be played, and that no man living could ever make anything out of it. You see this comes from long practice, and it is a difficult matter to write difficult music.

Why, when I sit down at the piano, people have to hold their ears; the music is too intense and ravishing; they can't stand it; yet I am very modest, and don't brag much about it. While in playing the piano I seldom look where my fingers fall on the keys, it does not matter with me, at all; music is sure to come, if the crowd does go.

In singing, the bass has to get under the fence, and the alto straddles the top board. I have frequently, in singing alto, had to tie a string to my voice to keep it from getting away from me, and I had to wait for it to come back again; and in singing bass, I have got so low that I often ran the while tune, in a grand solo. I sing very sweetly. The range of my voice is from A to E, and it has been remarked by high authority that it is as flexible as a cheap shirt bosom.

I used to tune my voice to the music of the hinges of a barn-door, and you know that is a big thing, and there is also more music in the swinging of gates than you perhaps imagine.

There is one bad thing about music, and that is, when a fine piece is performed it does not last, but is gone, and nobody knows where, and I don't see why some one don't invent a plan to prevent it, say, in bottles.

I have caught tunes frequently, chased them down the road, and finally ran them into a fence corner, but, after you catch them, you have to handle them as carefully as a ragged dollar bill.

I have also picked up tunes while I was walking along the road, and put them in my pocket.

I used to start the tunes with a pitch-fork, though it was a little straining on my jaws to bite it, but all the tuning-forks in the world could not pitch music into some people.

Some persons have fine large ears for music; but the trouble is they are all ears.

Musie is thin and ethereal. I have a piece of my own composing, (I composed it with soothng syrup), which I play always at parties. It is very thin, but what it lacks in that it makes up in longitude. Somebody said it would become popular because it is long enough to reach clear around the world—and tie. It is written to be repeated seventeen times—and I always go by the notes.

There is a great deal of music in a violin. The little thing isn't very big, but it is check full; though I have often looked into one and could see no music at all. If you want to learn to play nice tunes on a violin, you had

better buy an old one that is used to playing fine music. A new one has no practice, and it is difficult to learn it to play anything. As for myself I can play excellently on a fiddle that hasn't got a string to its bow. Anybody, almost, can play on a fiddle—if he knows just exactly how to get it out; a little difficulty may lie just there.

I have got up a new system of notes, every one good for thirty days, by which the learner can learn, provided the teacher will take the notes for the instruction. (Inclosed two stamps.)

On the piano I have a strong touch, from the fact, perhaps, that I used to work at the blacksmith business, and they don't make the keys as strong as they ought to. People say they could die to hear the music I make, and that they would if they had a sufficient quantity of it. You see, my son, there is nothing like having a talent that is fully appreciated by the public, and I never made any pretensions.

I can set a piece of music before me, and take a bass drum, and play sweetly for half an hour at a time, without ever looking at the notes, and pay no attention to the rests in it.

Musie hath charms, my son. Those young ladies over the way there, in the course of a few hundred years, will almost become proficient musicians if they work as hard at it as they have for the last eight years. They need encouragement, but I haven't any to give.

I have written pieces of music so perfect that they played themselves, requiring no instrument, and they had to be cut in two, put in tight boxes, and one placed in the barn, and the other in the woodshed under the chips. But I never to compose that way—and generally succeed.

You see, there is very little discount on my notes, and they are the staff I generally lean on.

The beauties of the hand-organ, my son, have never been fully estimated or appreciated. A year or so of practice will enable you to execute all the airs that are in it, and make you a perfect organist, and in great demand at the churches. You can turn the crank and turn many an honest penny. I shall get you one before long for a present; if you are a good boy and don't mind yourself so much, and nobody else; and, as a little preparatory exercise, you can come out here and turn the grindstone, for you have put a nick in the ax that will take several nicks of time to obliterate. Don't growl, I know the ice is thick enough, but your excuse is too thin.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Little words to utter, simple ones to write, yet how hard we find their precepts to carry into practice! How often we feel "cranky" and cross, and act like "Sancho," or some other inexplicable being; and that is just the time when we should run away and be ourselves until our passion has cooled down and until we feel more amiable toward ourselves and those around us. But that is just the time when we *don't* do anything of the sort. No; we heap our indignation and malice upon all whom we come across. We are so wrought up that we do not know exactly what we do say, and, because we do not, we say exactly those things which we ought not to say. All our harsh thoughts come to the surface then, and we abuse and berate our neighbor to our heart's content, and we do not become any happier while we are doing it.

When we come to our senses, how mean and despicable we feel; how more than foolish—how wicked—our conduct appears to us! If we write a spiteful letter, we can tear it into shreds, but it is impossible to recall words that have once been spoken. Oh, how we wish we could, but wishing is of no avail in that case. What can we do but utter those simple words, forgive and forget?

We find it very hard to forgive and forget, and yet we are continually asking others to do so. I have often wondered which is the hardest to do: to forgive a wrong or to forget one. We should do both," you say? I am well aware of that, but we *should* do lots and lots of things which we do not because we are so far from being those paragons of perfection we often imagine ourselves to be!

As to forgiving, I do think many of us are just charitable enough to do that. When a person is sorry for what they have done, and are truly and sincerely repentant, and ask for pardon, hard indeed must be the heart that would refuse to grant absolution. We have too much need of forgiveness ourselves to withhold it from others. We feel it must be painful to have done some evil, for which forgiveness is withheld, and it is easy to say, "I forgive you."

The forgetting is much harder. There are times when the memory of the "slings and arrows" which have been hurled at you still rankle in your heart, and the memory causes you much sadness; for, though your friend has turned to foe and then to friend again, you still remember the bitter more than the sweet.

You think the conduct of the foe has outweighed the goodness of the friend, when, perhaps, the reverse is the case.

Memory is not like pencil-marks that may be rubbed out with a piece of rubber—some thoughts are branded in as with a hot iron.

We want to forget, we long to do so, but we cannot; thoughts will assume shapes, and shapes that are by no means beautiful.

Let us take a case. A is poor, B is rich. B refuses to give A any aid because he is poor, and taunts him with his poverty. By a turn of Fortune's wheel A and B change positions, and B asks A for work and is not refused. A forgives B for his former harshness, but he cannot forget the past; he is a saint he might do so, but because he is an ordinary mortal he cannot.

We would have less to forgive and forget were we willing to give in just a little to others' opinions and put up with others' tempers.

This "flaring up" at trifles does no good—this taking offense where none is meant is not profitable, and this oversensitiveness will not pay. Whoever felt happier for having estranged oneself from friends by unkind words and deeds? I know I never did.

It is an old adage which advises us to return good for evil; but could there be a better, and could such a good one be repeated too often? I think we can do no better than to shower all the goodness we can on those whom we have offended us. It is the sweetest revenge I know of, and if it were practiced more it seems to me it would draw persons more closely together.

I know I say lots of things in my essays which may offend some good folks, and they may think me a meddlesome creature. May be I am. I ought to be ashamed of myself, and a good many hours in the day I am. But to the offended ones I would say I think Miss Lawless hits herself ten times where she hits others once, and I would also ask them to forgive and forget.

EVE LAWLESS.

Topics of the Time.

—An immense spring exodus to the Black Hills is predicted. Ten dollars a day, and no "Injuns."

—It is proposed to cut a broad canal from Manchester, in England, to the river Mersey. Manchester hopes shortly to be a port of entry, accommodating vessels of 4,000 tons. A ship canal is also projected between the North Sea and the Baltic.

—Storey county, Nevada, is one of the richest counties in the United States. The bonanza mines are situated in it, and they yield their product of wealth every month with invariable uniformity. Its yield of gold and silver bullion for the quarter ending September 30th was \$8,742,400.

—Here is a specimen bet made by six men in Rhode Island. Each of the losing three must eat, within two hours, three plates of soup, made of one hind-leg of a dog, one hind-leg of a cat, four rats' legs, six chickens' legs, and ten frogs' hind-legs. The seasoning and vegetables will be discretionary with the cook, who must be paid \$20 by the losers.

—A new ink has recently been perfected which threatens to revolutionize fashions in stationery. A perfectly white ink has been manufactured which flows freely from a fine or coarse pen, makes a delicate hair-line and dries quickly. This ink will require dark paper, and several styles already have been introduced. One is L'Orient, a deep black paper, and there are several styles of fancy colors.

—In the Department of Biscay, France, every timber owner must plant two saplings for every timber-tree he cuts down. In Java the birth of every child is celebrated by planting a fruit-tree, which is as carefully tended as the record of the age of the child whose birth it is. The saplings are cut down at the age of three years, and the tree is to be replanted when the child is three years old.

THE WORLD GOES LAUGHING BY.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

Tis night. In a graveyard lone and drear—
Each white stone upstarting like an uncanny
ghoul—
By a narrow grave, grass-grown and sear,
A woman kneels, with throbbing heart and
tears—softly—praying silently.
A sad, a mournful, a heartrending, wordless
prayer.
Crying softly—praying silently.
From the depths of a heart o'erfilled with pain
and care.
But the moon is smiling in the sky.
And the busy world goes laughing by!
Midnight. In a dark and loathsome jail—
The cell walls compassing him close, like coffins—
On a tumbled couch, wild-eyed and pale—
A murderer lies—while Time, untying, onward
glides.
He hears the clock's slow, solemn clang—
Twelve deep, measured strokes—how like the
church bell's toll!
And he counts the hours till he must hang!
Despairful, praying tremblingly—"God take
my soul!"
But the moon is smiling in the sky.
And the busy world goes laughing by!
Care comes to all, and we all must mourn;
Each heart is filled with its own deep grief and
woe.
We oftentimes wish we had never been born;
But our dear Father, for our good, has willed
it so!
We mourn within, and we smile without;
And the world, with a glance thinks we are
gone.
It moves within and it smiles without.
It smiles, and mourns, and laughs and groans
like us to-day.
But while we're mourning, and while we die,
The great, the busy world goes laughing by.

Great Captains.
RODNEY,
"Old Safe and Sure."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

To add to the glory of British arms at sea, at a time when disaster and disgrace attended them on land, was Rodney's good fortune. The more brilliant successes of Nelson, which supplemented Rodney's achievements, threw the latter, for a generation, into the background; but history, that metes its awards with inexorable justice, makes Rodney one of the most distinguished of English admirals. It assigns to him, as well, the credit of introducing the tactics which Nelson used with such splendid results, viz: sailing across and breaking through the enemy's line of battle. Prior to his time the recognized sea system had been to sail backward and forth, in line order, closing with antagonists only when the combat had to be decided by close quarter action. Out of this mechanical method Rodney stepped, when, in his greatest fleet combats, he ran his flagship directly across the enemy's line and as greatly confounded his opponents as Napoleon, in his first and second Italian campaigns, confounded the Austrians with their solid columns and fire-and-retire evolutions.

George Bridges Rodney, born in Surrey, Feb. 19th, 1718, was the son of a naval commander, and—once before captured by Rodney, but restored at the peace of '63. This second effort failed. The French had too strongly fortified the royal yacht, which conveyed George I. on his visits to his Hanover subjects, named the boy, with the king's permission, George, and Bridges with the assent of the Duke of Chandos. He thus became a protege of the king, and his successor George II. carried out the first George's promise—to promote and advance the young officer as rapidly as his merits warranted. In 1739 he was lieutenant; in 1742 a captain; in 1748 he was sent to Newfoundland as governor and station commander-in-chief with the rank of commodore—a very responsible trust, which he seems to have discharged acceptably.

Returning home in 1752, he was elected to Parliament but kept at sea in the service, commanding three different ships of the line, and was made rear-admiral May 19th, 1759. The war known as our Old French War—which the French and Indians—made war between Great Britain and France which fully employed the naval forces of both countries. In 1759 and '60 Rodney bombarded the French port of Havre—the chief port of departure for French transports for Canada. Rodney held this place under surveillance and with his guns did much damage to town and shipping.

In 1761 he was sent as commander-in-chief to Barbados and the Windward islands—very important English possessions in the West Indies, and chief source of sugar supply. The French were then masters of the Leeward islands, equally important to France. Against these Rodney proceeded and reduced them all, in succession. At the peace of 1763, by which the French gave up all claims to Canada and the country west of the Alleghany, the English restored the captured islands. Rodney then returned to England and received a baronetcy in recognition for his services.

Promotion followed. He became vice-admiral of the red and Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and in 1771 was sent out as Governor of Jamaica, remaining there until his recall in 1774. His style of living so much exceeded his income from this office that he returned home so embarrassed in money matters that to escape imprisonment for debt he fled to Paris, after his defeat for a seat in Parliament, from Northampton.

The war of the American Revolution found him in this unwilling exile. When France embarked in it by becoming our ally—thus to pay back to England some of the injuries England had inflicted on France in America—the Count de Sartiges presumed upon Rodney's wretched circumstances to offer him a high command in the French naval service; but the resolute debtor rejected the proffer with such indignation that the count, a highly honorable man, reported the circumstance to the British ministry; whereupon he was requested, by Lord Sandwich, to return and resume his place in the British navy. Pending his return the Duke de Chartres, it is related, informed Sir George that a command in the fleet was to be given him (the duke) to operate against Admiral Kepel, and he asked the baronet what he thought would be the result of the meeting. "That my countryman will carry your Highness with him to learn English," was the prompt and significant reply.

The navy was then greatly scandalized by the recriminations between Admirals Kepel and Palliser, and Rodney was named rear-admiral of the white—his friends arranging his money matters. With orders to again assume chief command on the Barbadoes station he sailed late in 1779 with a fleet of twenty-two ships of the line and eight frigates. As Spain and France were then united against England, the fleets of both nations were to be confronted. Sir George had been out but ten days when he struck a transport fleet

running from Bilbao to Cadiz, under convoy of a 64 gun ship and five frigates. Of these he captured all the vessels-of-war, after sharp chase and close action, and secured nineteen of the transports. On January 16th, (1780), he came up with the Spanish fleet under Don Juan de Langara, hovering off Cape St. Vincent, (Portugal), to give additional protection to the expected transport squadron. The Spaniard had eleven ships of the line and two frigates. He boldly accepted action and disaster, for Rodney destroyed two of the ships and took five, including the flag-ship, with its admiral—all of which he ran into Gibraltar. The management of the English fleet reflected the highest honor on Rodney and his admirable assistants, Sir Charles Douglas and Captain Young.

For these successes he received not only the thanks of Parliament but addresses of thanks and congratulations from numerous family. In the then desponding condition of British arms in America, a victory like Rodney's was a great comfort to a ministry and king becoming highly unpopular with the people.

Repairing damages at Gibraltar, Rodney sailed from thence for Barbadoes, and on April 17th, came up with the French fleet under the Count de Guichen, near Martinique. Though the French fleet was a little stronger and far readier than his own, after its long voyage, Rodney determined on going into action, so signaled his ships into close order. But several of his captains, regarding the condition of their ships and crew as too weak to hazard the ordeal, stood off, and when Rodney's own fine, stately double-decker, the Sandwich, bore down on the enemy, only six of his vessels followed. The Sandwich engaged a 74 and two 80 gun ships for an hour and a half, firing double broadsides, oftentimes at the same moment. His ship was handled with splendid skill, and so kept the windward vantage that the French bore away greatly damaged in rigging and hull. The Sandwich, by running down on the center of the French battle line, broke it completely, and his six ships following, thus got the weather gauge of their enemy, then giving way before the wind, swept down the line, doing much havoc and receiving small injury in return. Each fleet, seemingly satisfied with the result, kept on opposite courses, and Rodney reached Bridgetown harbor, Barbadoes, in safety, to report at once to the government the dereliction of his captains, probably in terms of severest condemnation, demanding their recall and trial for disobedience. The admiralty, however, suppressed this feature of his report. One of the captains only was brought to trial and dismissed the service. Rodney was honored with the thanks of the House of Commons, and a more substantial recognition in the shape of a life pension of two thousand pounds, (\$10,000), per year, to be continued after his death to his family, in specific portions, during their lives. In this manner England recognizes merit in her service. In addition, he was chosen to the House of Commons from "Westminster City," and was also made Knight of the Bath, but still remaining in the Barbadoes station he did not take his seat in Parliament.

Efforts, with the land forces of General Vaughan, were made to take St. Vincent island—and once before captured by Rodney, but restored at the peace of '63. This second effort failed. The French had too strongly fortified the royal yacht, which conveyed George I. on his visits to his Hanover subjects, named the boy, with the king's permission, George, and Bridges with the assent of the Duke of Chandos. He thus became a protege of the king, and his successor George II. carried out the first George's promise—to promote and advance the young officer as rapidly as his merits warranted. In 1739 he was lieutenant; in 1742 a captain; in 1748 he was sent to Newfoundland as governor and station commander-in-chief with the rank of commodore—a very responsible trust, which he seems to have discharged acceptably.

As far as the unfortunate lad's life had yet gone he had never been obliged to exercise this restraint upon himself, the sagacious Kool always having provided for his sequestration in time, and no human being having thwarted him in any direction; the two instances which Kool had quoted to Berthold of his shedding blood while under his paroxysms with their attending hallucination, had chance to be accompanied by circumstances which largely extenuated the guilt and dwarfed the consequences of the acts of violence. In one case the victim was an Italian brigand who had imprudently attempted to carry off the beautiful and richly-dressed Athletic Wonder, who brought so much money to his guardian; in the other it was a poor negro slave in Turkey, who fell under the sufferer's frenzy, having rebelliously penetrated to his place of concealment out of curiosity. Never before had the sweet-tempered youth intended any human being harm; in fact, he was yet unconscious of these two fatal acts, and had Gaylure whispered his wily falsehood in his ear at any other time, no worse result would have accrued than possibly a hot-headed verbal attack upon the object of his jealousy, from whom the instant explanation would have come as a matter of course, and all ill effects would have been avoided. But, that one word was sufficient in the poor lad's present irresponsible state to inflame his fieriest homicidal lust, and he had broken away from his keeper with all the dispatch and cunning of the lunatic with his lucid intervals, and was now posting on to the deliberate execution of his rival, with the certainty that to-morrow all that had transpired to-day would be wiped from his mind like the pencilings off a slate, to use Kool's expressive simile. Unhappy being, created in a mood of sinister curiosity by Nature, as the alchemist experiments with his crucibles, indifferent to the anguish of the living thing he tries his gases on—poor, abnormal, inexplicable freaks of a Supreme Power, born so ironically like his fellows, and yet so fatally differing from them, judged by their laws, yet formed so that he cannot if he would bow to these laws. Little wonder if many a sore heart has questioned its Creator's motive, for getting His high flat: "Shall the thing formed say to Him that has formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" and "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endowed with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?"

With the intense craft which is such an unexpected accomplishment of mental aberration, Griffith had provided himself with one of those infernal engines of death, which the pyrotechnic experts have brought to such fell perfection during the late unhappy war, and of which we have heard so much in the course of the recent investigations connected with the plot of the dynamite fiend, Thomassen.

It was in fact a small, cylindrical projectile, of the thinnest and lightest metal, aluminum, filled with a preparation of nitro-glycerine, and only wanting a slight concussion to explode it with force enough to raze a stone house to the ground. Where the unhappy youth had picked up the deadly knowledge of such a weapon of destruction, and how he had prevailed upon his considerable damages, just entering upon further effective work. He obeyed orders immediately, and reached England Sept. 21st, 1782, bearing with him his prisoner, the Count de Grasse.

As a proper recognition of his merit and great services, and in deference to the public estimation of the successful commander, he was voted an additional pension of two thousand pounds a year and was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Rodney. And Jamaica, deeply grateful for the service he had performed for that colony, as well as for British interests in all the West India islands, voted, in its House of Assembly, one thousand pounds for the erection of a marble statue of the veteran admiral.

Rodney saw no more sea service. Peace between England and the allies was declared in 1783, by which the United States of America became free and independent, to assume its place among the recognized powers of the world. England came out of the contest with small honor indeed—the achievements of Rodney being almost the sole offsets to her long

list of disasters. Amherst, Clinton, Burgoyne, Howe, Cornwallis—all suffered an eclipse of their European reputations, while the list of dead—slain in the effort to subjugate the colonies—embraced many an eminent name. Had the self-willed George III. possessed half the sense of William Pitt, England would have been spared her suffering, loss and humiliation, and, by a recognition of the rights of the people to local self-government, would have possessed, in the United States, a dutiful and powerful ally—not a rival and pronounced enemy. It was due largely to Rodney's wise measures, his vigilance and efficiency, that the mother country did not come forth from the war shorn of Jamaica and the Windward islands.

Rodney lived in comparative retirement after his return, in 1782, until his death, which occurred May 21, 1792. He was twice married, and left a numerous family. A monument, at the national expense, was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, where slumber Nelson and Wellington.

For these successes he received not only the thanks of Parliament but addresses of thanks and congratulations from numerous family.

In the then desponding condition of British arms in America, a victory like Rodney's was a great comfort to a ministry and king becoming highly unpopular with the people.

Repairing damages at Gibraltar, Rodney sailed from thence for Barbadoes, and on April 17th, came up with the French fleet under the Count de Guichen, near Martinique. Though the French fleet was a little stronger and far readier than his own, after its long voyage, Rodney determined on going into action, so signaled his ships into close order. But several of his captains, regarding the condition of their ships and crew as too weak to hazard the ordeal, stood off, and when Rodney's own fine, stately double-decker, the Sandwich, bore down on the enemy, only six of his vessels followed. The Sandwich engaged a 74 and two 80 gun ships for an hour and a half, firing double broadsides, oftentimes at the same moment. His ship was handled with splendid skill, and so kept the windward vantage that the French bore away greatly damaged in rigging and hull. The Sandwich, by running down on the center of the French battle line, broke it completely, and his six ships following, thus got the weather gauge of their enemy, then giving way before the wind, swept down the line, doing much havoc and receiving small injury in return. Each fleet, seemingly satisfied with the result, kept on opposite courses, and Rodney reached Bridgetown harbor, Barbadoes, in safety, to report at once to the government the dereliction of his captains, probably in terms of severest condemnation, demanding their recall and trial for disobedience. The admiralty, however, suppressed this feature of his report. One of the captains only was brought to trial and dismissed the service. Rodney was honored with the thanks of the House of Commons, and a more substantial recognition in the shape of a life pension of two thousand pounds, (\$10,000), per year, to be continued after his death to his family, in specific portions, during their lives. In this manner England recognizes merit in her service. In addition, he was chosen to the House of Commons from "Westminster City," and was also made Knight of the Bath, but still remaining in the Barbadoes station he did not take his seat in Parliament.

As far as the unfortunate lad's life had yet gone he had never been obliged to exercise this restraint upon himself, the sagacious Kool always having provided for his sequestration in time, and no human being having thwarted him in any direction; the two instances which Kool had quoted to Berthold of his shedding blood while under his paroxysms with their attending hallucination, had chance to be accompanied by circumstances which largely extenuated the guilt and dwarfed the consequences of the acts of violence. In one case the victim was an Italian brigand who had imprudently attempted to carry off the beautiful and richly-dressed Athletic Wonder, who brought so much money to his guardian; in the other it was a poor negro slave in Turkey, who fell under the sufferer's frenzy, having rebelliously penetrated to his place of concealment out of curiosity. Never before had the sweet-tempered youth intended any human being harm; in fact, he was yet unconscious of these two fatal acts, and had Gaylure whispered his wily falsehood in his ear at any other time, no worse result would have accrued than possibly a hot-headed verbal attack upon the object of his jealousy, from whom the instant explanation would have come as a matter of course, and all ill effects would have been avoided. But, that one word was sufficient in the poor lad's present irresponsible state to inflame his fieriest homicidal lust, and he had broken away from his keeper with all the dispatch and cunning of the lunatic with his lucid intervals, and was now posting on to the deliberate execution of his rival, with the certainty that to-morrow all that had transpired to-day would be wiped from his mind like the pencilings off a slate, to use Kool's expressive simile. Unhappy being, created in a mood of sinister curiosity by Nature, as the alchemist experiments with his crucibles, indifferent to the anguish of the living thing he tries his gases on—poor, abnormal, inexplicable freaks of a Supreme Power, born so ironically like his fellows, and yet so fatally differing from them, judged by their laws, yet formed so that he cannot if he would bow to these laws. Little wonder if many a sore heart has questioned its Creator's motive, for getting His high flat: "Shall the thing formed say to Him that has formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" and "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endowed with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?"

With the intense craft which is such an unexpected accomplishment of mental aberration, Griffith had provided himself with one of those infernal engines of death, which the pyrotechnic experts have brought to such fell perfection during the late unhappy war, and of which we have heard so much in the course of the recent investigations connected with the plot of the dynamite fiend, Thomassen.

It was in fact a small, cylindrical projectile, of the thinnest and lightest metal, aluminum, filled with a preparation of nitro-glycerine, and only wanting a slight concussion to explode it with force enough to raze a stone house to the ground. Where the unhappy youth had picked up the deadly knowledge of such a weapon of destruction, and how he had prevailed upon his considerable damages, just entering upon further effective work. He obeyed orders immediately, and reached England Sept. 21st, 1782, bearing with him his prisoner, the Count de Grasse.

As a proper recognition of his merit and great services, and in deference to the public estimation of the successful commander, he was voted an additional pension of two thousand pounds a year and was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Rodney. And Jamaica, deeply grateful for the service he had performed for that colony, as well as for British interests in all the West India islands, voted, in its House of Assembly, one thousand pounds for the erection of a marble statue of the veteran admiral.

Rodney saw no more sea service. Peace between England and the allies was declared in 1783, by which the United States of America became free and independent, to assume its place among the recognized powers of the world. England came out of the contest with small honor indeed—the achievements of Rodney being almost the sole offsets to her long

list of disasters. Amherst, Clinton, Burgoyne, Howe, Cornwallis—all suffered an eclipse of their European reputations, while the list of dead—slain in the effort to subjugate the colonies—embraced many an eminent name. Had the self-willed George III. possessed half the sense of William Pitt, England would have been spared her suffering, loss and humiliation, and, by a recognition of the rights of the people to local self-government, would have possessed, in the United States, a dutiful and powerful ally—not a rival and pronounced enemy. It was due largely to Rodney's wise measures, his vigilance and efficiency, that the mother country did not come forth from the war shorn of Jamaica and the Windward islands.

Rodney lived in comparative retirement after his return, in 1782, until his death, which occurred May 21, 1792. He was twice married, and left a numerous family. A monument, at the national expense, was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, where slumber Nelson and Wellington.

For these successes he received not only the thanks of Parliament but addresses of thanks and congratulations from numerous family.

In the then desponding condition of British arms in America, a victory like Rodney's was a great comfort to a ministry and king becoming highly unpopular with the people.

Repairing damages at Gibraltar, Rodney sailed from thence for Barbadoes, and on April 17th, came up with the French fleet under the Count de Guichen, near Martinique. Though the French fleet was a little stronger and far readier than his own, after its long voyage, Rodney determined on going into action, so signaled his ships into close order. But several of his captains, regarding the condition of their ships and crew as too weak to hazard the ordeal, stood off, and when Rodney's own fine, stately double-decker, the Sandwich, bore down on the enemy, only six of his vessels followed. The Sandwich engaged a 74 and two 80 gun ships for an hour and a half, firing double broadsides, oftentimes at the same moment. His ship was handled with splendid skill, and so kept the windward vantage that the French bore away greatly damaged in rigging and hull. The Sandwich, by running down on the center of the French battle line, broke it completely, and his six ships following, thus got the weather gauge of their enemy, then giving way before the wind, swept down the line, doing much havoc and receiving small injury in return. Each fleet, seemingly satisfied with the result, kept on opposite courses, and Rodney reached Bridgetown harbor, Barbadoes, in safety, to report at once to the government the dereliction of his captains, probably in terms of severest condemnation, demanding their recall and trial for disobedience. The admiralty, however, suppressed this feature of his report. One of the captains only was brought to trial and dismissed the service. Rodney was honored with the thanks of the House of Commons, and a more substantial recognition in the shape of a life pension of two thousand pounds, (\$10,000), per year, to be continued after his death to his family, in specific portions, during their lives. In this manner England recognizes merit in her service. In addition, he was chosen to the House of Commons from "Westminster City," and was also made Knight of the Bath, but still remaining in the Barbadoes station he did not take his seat in Parliament.

As far as the unfortunate lad's life had yet gone he had never been obliged to exercise this restraint upon himself, the sagacious Kool always having provided for his sequestration in time, and no human being having thwarted him in any direction; the two instances which Kool had quoted to Berthold of his shedding blood while under his paroxysms with their attending hallucination, had chance to be accompanied by circumstances which largely extenuated the guilt and dwarfed the consequences of the acts of violence. In one case the victim was an Italian brigand who had imprudently attempted to carry off the beautiful and richly-dressed Athletic Wonder, who brought so much money to his guardian; in the other it was a poor negro slave in Turkey, who fell under the sufferer's frenzy, having rebelliously penetrated to his place of concealment out of curiosity. Never before had the sweet-tempered youth intended any human being harm; in fact, he was yet unconscious of these two fatal acts, and had Gaylure whispered his wily falsehood in his ear at any other time, no worse result would have accrued than possibly a hot-headed verbal attack upon the object of his jealousy, from whom the instant explanation would have come as a matter of course, and all ill effects would have been avoided. But, that one word was sufficient in the poor lad's present irresponsible state to inflame his fieriest homicidal lust, and he had broken away from his keeper with all the dispatch and cunning of the lunatic with his lucid intervals, and was now posting on to the deliberate execution of his rival, with the certainty that to-morrow all that had transpired to-day would be wiped from his mind like the pencilings off a slate, to use Kool's expressive simile. Unhappy being, created in a mood of sinister curiosity by Nature, as the alchemist experiments with his crucibles, indifferent to the anguish of the living thing he tries his gases on—poor, abnormal, inexplicable freaks of a Supreme Power, born so ironically like his fellows, and yet so fatally differing from them, judged by their laws, yet formed so that he cannot if he would bow to these laws. Little wonder if many a sore heart has questioned its Creator's motive, for getting His high flat: "Shall the thing formed say to Him that has formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" and "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endowed with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?"

With the intense craft which is such an unexpected accomplishment of mental aberration, Griffith had provided himself with one of those infernal engines of death, which the pyrotechnic experts have brought to such fell perfection during the late unhappy war, and of which we have heard so much in the course of the recent investigations connected with the plot of the dynamite fiend, Thomassen.

It was in fact a small, cylindrical projectile, of the thinnest and lightest metal, aluminum, filled with a preparation of nitro-glycerine, and only wanting a slight concussion to explode it with force enough to raze a stone house to the ground. Where the unhappy youth had picked up the deadly knowledge of such a weapon of destruction, and how he had prevailed upon his considerable damages, just entering upon further effective work. He obeyed orders immediately, and reached England Sept. 21st, 1782, bearing with him his prisoner, the Count de Gr

and she could stand over them, looking on at their happiness with her large, soft, asking eyes, and velvet nozzle sniffing; so that when, by-and-by, a horseman galloped past on the road to the cottage, nobody saw him and he saw nobody, and Thetford swept on—the instrument of doom on those who deserved their lot no less than these here theirs—scarcely noticed.

For Arch was confessing, and Anne was hearing; he in many a scorn all dashed with modest self-reproach, and she in sweet, sad shame, and tender thoughts for “mother;” the story of Josie’s heartless abandonment of her home, betrayal of her sister, and the lesson Arch had sought to teach her by means hard but not brutal; and such a tale, which had to be rewarded by Anne’s whispered confessions of her reasons for treating her true love as she had done—was by far too absorbing to admit of any curiosity regarding a passing stranger, whose unseen flight they had scarcely noticed.

But Anne Kercheval had so habituated herself to live for others that she could not lose herself long in the purely personal bliss of even this love-idyl of hers. Her heart smote heranon for forgetting her mother, lying at home sad and sick, and ignorant of this great happiness. It was only then that she remembered to beg Arch never to think again of the affront she and her mother had put upon him by sending back the package of provisions and roll of money, procured by the sale of old Dolly and the wagon; and, as she spoke of the food, remembering the while her mother starving, her manner was so peculiar that Arch could not fail to notice it, and to inquire into its cause. She put him off with gentle guile; she was ashamed to expose their bitter need to her brother of an hour, and, even while she shrank in maiden pride, her leaden heart smote her for putting anything before her mother’s relief, and urged her on to ask his help instead.

The struggle crimsoned her sweet face and lowered her dewy eyes, and Arch, reading her by the lance-like rays of the just rising moon, understood all in a flash the meaning of her emaciation, her mother’s illness—all. He lifted her downcast face and looked into it wildly, the blood receding from even his tawny cheek.

A terrible exclamation burst from him. Almost thrusting her from him he sprang up with clenched fists and flashing eye.

“Oh!” he cried, in a voice hoarse and choking with anguish, “and she knew all the while I loved her!”

He stamped about; he buried his hands in his long, flowing hair which he clutched and tore, while his breast heaved in convulsive sobs which seemed to rend him. Terrified and stricken with remorse at the peculiar cruelty she now perceived for the first time she had treated him with, Anne staggered to him and essayed to enclose him once again in her arms, but he again thrust her aside, continuing to writh in inexpressible bitterness of soul which the poor fellow augmented by reminding himself that he might have guessed as much from what he already knew of Ned’s robbery and Kercheval’s absence. The sighs of his suffering overcame the frail creature whose strength was already much exhausted by her excitement, and she was sinking on the ground with a low, moaning murmur for help when he flew to her rescue, caught her wildly to him, pressing her to his breast, raving kisses on her lips, her brow, her hair—imploring her who had already suffered so cruelly to forgive him for adding one additional pang, calling her by every caressing term that passionate love and grief could suggest; but she lay passive in his arms, growing colder and heavier. He turned her drooping face to the sheeted moonbeams; she had swooned.

In a moment he was again master of himself, cursing his folly and violence. He laid her tenderly down close to the margin of the water, and sprinkled her face with the cold drops, chasing her stiff, chilly hands in his, while their thinness went to his heart like a knife, but she neither moved nor breathed. Then he stopped in an awful panic, gazing frantically from the still form that lay at his feet up to the now radiant heavens, asking God if he could have been so ruthless as to kill her! And at last he rose, led the “queen” out to the road, went back and raised her light figure across his shoulder and bore her up to the seat of his little carriage. Here, seated, with her pressed in his arms, a short, bitter strife raged in his heart. He tried to decide between the temptation—galloping at full speed the five miles on to his own house where he had every means of restoring her—at the risk of her unblamed name and her also starving mother’s death of anxiety on her account, or that of flying back with her to her own home to place her at her mother’s side, at the risk of finding nothing in the cottage to restore her or to keep the life in her mother.

The temptation, with her dear head on his shoulder and her sweet, cold lips against his cheek, was almost more than he could overcome, but a sudden remembrance of Josie, the bold, the brazen, unaccountably decided him in another moment. Without analyzing the course of reasoning, or indeed suspecting that there had been a course of reasoning in his mind, he turned his two-wheeled little vehicle, and dashed off to the cottage. As he darted between the overhanging walls of rock which completely overshadowed the road, leaving nothing but black mud and dark-blue sky visible, with distant openings admitting white streams of moonlight like sheets of water across the road, a sudden glare flashed up and spread over all the heavens, and before the eye had scarcely comprehended the strange spectacle, a terrific report, prolonged, deafening—which shook the very foundations of the earth and rocked the gigantic crags—resounded like the explosion of a powder magazine, a cone of sparkling yellow flame leaped up in front, shooting upward more than two hundred feet, accompanied by dreadful detonations, with showers of blazing fragments; then all was silent, with a thick black column of smoke rolling heavenward, and a strong smell of burning, acrid and choking, borne to meet him on the suddenly stirred-up breeze.

At first the mare had violently drawn up, rearing and trying to turn on the road, wishing to bolt in the opposite direction, but the steel-strong hand of Arran reined her up and held her, struggling and snorting, in the middle of the path, until he found breath and presence of mind to speak to her. The familiar tones calmed her directly; she stood like a lamb while he descended carefully with his burden, laid Anne on the edge of the road, and running on to the first opening, mounted the precipitous mass of granite and gazed at the smoldering fire.

“It must be!” he muttered, stunned with astonishment; “it is their house! But how in God’s name could it blow up?”

He descended, regained his seat with Anne on the sulky, and drove on at flying speed. Twenty minutes afterward he tore round the abrupt curve which brought the traveler out of the gloomy rock-walled causeway in sight

of the farm, where the fencing of the first potato field commenced; and he saw before him, instead of the well-known cottage with its poor, draggled, sickly creepers, its small windows, each garnished with a pot of flowers, and its hospitably-opened door, a smoking heap of ruins, from which half-smothered snake-like flames wriggled.

At this moment he felt Anne’s warm breath on his neck.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOR POOR MARGARET’S SAKE.

ARCH ARRAN, struck with sickening horror, crushed Anne’s face closer to his breast, and turning his vehicle, hurried from the accursed spot behind the first jutting rock that screened the ruin from her awakening eyes.

It was all he could do to regain anything approaching to calmness in time to answer her first faint and bewildered questions.

“Love, I want you to lie here patiently until I come back,” said the poor fellow, quaking; “I’m a-going to lay you on that there bank and hitch the queen, and—”

“Arch, my darling, what is the matter?” questioned Anne, suddenly raising herself to gaze narrowly at him; “you’ve seen something—good God!” she cried, recollecting from his blanched visage and stunned stare; then gazed all around, clutching him tighter and tighter as she recognized the place, and then she abruptly freed herself from him, and sliding like a spirit to the ground, ran, before he could guess what she was about, round the rock.

A deathlike silence—a low gasp or two—then a long, piercing, awful scream; another! another! Arch bared himself after her—she was flying to the smoking heap; he shouted; she needed to do so; she paused on the red brink of the fiery chasm, her arms stretched to heaven, her screams ringing out wilder, louder, and yet more terribly; he caught her, writhing, twisting in his arms—going mad with the unendurable suffering of the moment; he felt that the poor starved creature was stronger even than he as they struggled together on the verge; she striving to dash herself into the furnace with heartrending cries that her mother was there—that she saw her; he felt her mastering him—dragging him with her nearer and nearer; his brain reeled; his sight failed; another moment and both would have sunk together into the glowing mass which was already crumbling into the cellar, when a shrill cry came ringing above the confusion—a woman’s frantic voice, screaming:

“Anne! Anne! I am here—here!”

They tottered in the direction from which the voice had come, and by the fitful glare saw Mrs. Kercheval clinging to the posts of theabor door, on her knees, trying to crawl to them.

That meeting!

Arch could do nothing but hold his head between his hands, while the two grasped each other, and stared in each other’s faces, and grasped each other again—with rending sobs and convulsive kisses!

But soon the mother lay pale and panting in her daughter’s arms, saying, solemnly:

“Anne, darling—darling, you don’t know yet—oh, my love, you don’t know yet!” and so, wailing, sought to tell her, and could not, something which shook her whole quivering body with ghastly shudders. But after a long while, Arch and Anne on their knees beside her, praying her and the heavens, by turns, to speak, and to give them strength to hear, she gasped out that she had seen Jonas go into the cottage in the last of the twilight, she lying at the time in that corner (whether she pointed them), about six feet distant from the summer-house, where she had found herself when she recovered from the swoon which came over her as she saw him pass through the garden. And she told them he was lost, and then, with a feeble smile, said:

“And, forgive me, Anne, but I must go to him!”

And Anne, feeling as if she must lose her senses, gasped out: Was she sure—sure?

“Ah, poor child, who else would enter without knocking, who else would come into their poor, God-forsaken little home?”

“But—but—” the trembling girl questioned her, “are you sure you were not wandering, dear? How did you get here? What set the house on fire? Why were you sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious? Dear, have you not been delirious with—”

“With hunger,”

“Darling, don’t shrink; Arch knows all—dear, little Arch!” and overcome, the sweet soul drew her lover forward and placed her mother’s head upon his breast. But, lying there with shining tears in her upraised eyes and a dying ecstasy on her marble features, she still insisted:

“He is dead, and I must go to him; and oh! thank God that my dears are one!” And, little by little, she faltered out her story of all that had befallen her since Anne had left the cottage.

First the stranger; next the gold; then the swoon of joy; consciousness, and the glimpse of him she supposed to be her husband passing into the dark house; then how she tried to crawl to him, but could not move, and trying to call him, fainted again; then a blank and her second awakening as by the crash of doomsday, to see the night brilliant with a meteoric shower, the house in flames, and burning fragments falling everywhere. She miraculously removed to the shelter of the arbor; so that—

“Who?” cried she, in that exalted state which had scarcely comprehended the strange spectacle, a terrific report, prolonged, deafening—which shook the very foundations of the earth and rocked the gigantic crags—resounded like the explosion of a powder magazine, a cone of sparkling yellow flame leaped up in front, shooting upward more than two hundred feet, accompanied by dreadful detonations, with showers of blazing fragments; then all was silent, with a thick black column of smoke rolling heavenward, and a strong smell of burning, acrid and choking, borne to meet him on the suddenly stirred-up breeze.

At first the mare had violently drawn up, rearing and trying to turn on the road, wishing to bolt in the opposite direction, but the steel-strong hand of Arran reined her up and held her, struggling and snorting, in the middle of the path, until he found breath and presence of mind to speak to her. The familiar tones calmed her directly; she stood like a lamb while he descended carefully with his burden, laid Anne on the edge of the road, and running on to the first opening, mounted the precipitous mass of granite and gazed at the smoldering fire.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

of a tree, he produced a tiny vial and carefully let fall one ruby drop upon the rigid lips of Kercheval. The effect was instantaneous; he sighed, gradually regained both consciousness and strength, and sat up, tolerably composed. He perceived his mysterious companion seated on a stone close at hand, in the small circle of light flung by the hanging lamp; seated patiently awaiting his recovery, while his gaze expressed the most profound compassion and interest. Kercheval heaved a sigh from the very bottom of his heart; the grateful thought shot through him that this stranger, who had maddened in his most delicate affairs, had done so from no malevolent motive, possibly indeed with a benevolent one, and he began to entertain in his much confused and seriously unshaken mind the grave belief that his friend was of supernatural origin—knew all his past and future, and was sent by God to aid and guide him.

By pointing to his tottering reason only can we offer any solution of that curious glimpse he had had across the barrier which separates the substance-reality from the Infinite—that shadowy environment which lies between the Material and the Spiritual.

Berthold (consciously or not I know not) possessed a wonderfully magnified spiritual possibility, almost amounting to magnetism; at times he held absolute sway over the minds he came in contact with, seeming to hold communication with them without speech, without signal, or look, or anything more material than physical contact.

Thus we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murderer.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordeila’s arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed

image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to her, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how, in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval’s wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the

glad. Well, I began immediate preparations to come home. I wrote you as soon as I got where a letter could be sent, and had sense enough to write it, though I knew I should get here as soon as the letter would. And now here I am, darling, with sense regained, and health slowly coming, and more means than years of hard work would have brought me, come back to claim my darling wife before all the world, and bless her forever for being so true to me!"

And Gracie—ah, happy Gracie!—smiled up into his welcome face, and thanked Heaven that she had been true, and that the second Valentine's Day had restored what the first one took away from her.

A GEM FOR EVERY MONTH.

JANUARY.
By her who in this month is born,
No gem save garnet should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.
The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.
Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.
She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.
Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.
Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

AUGUST.
Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No congenial felicity;
The August-born without this stone
This sad must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze;
A sapphire on her brow should bind
The cure of the mind.

OCTOBER.
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.
Who first comes to this world below,
With drear November fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz, amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.
If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow, and ice, and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless what'er you do.

SURE-SHOT SETH,

The Boy Rifleman;

OR,
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TOUCH OF A CLAMMY HAND.

SETH, though greatly disappointed at being thus predestined to the ford, did not despair. He had learned forbearance and patience along with all the other requisites of a good borderman, while his ready mind was prone to resource and quick to act upon the moment.

No sooner had he discovered the embarkation of the enemy than he forthwith devised a new course of action; and was about to begin its execution when he discovered a second canoe, containing two warriors, coming down the river.

This again interrupted his movements, and he and his three companions would be compelled to remain in concealment until the boat had passed. Unluckily the two warriors intercepted those with the captives near the middle of the river, when both parties came to a halt and entered into a conversation, which, at times, was inaudible, then loud and boisterous. Finally, to the bitter surprise and regret of the boys, they saw the two warriors mount the flat-boat and haul their canoe on board after them; while the craft turned about and dropped slowly down the river.

For a moment Seth was speechless with disappointment.

"What can that movement mean?" asked Rube Johnson, puzzled by the red-skins' sudden change of course.

"I don't know exactly," replied Seth, "though I assure you it is nothing good. They may intend to land at the bend below, in order to conceal their trail. Let us follow along the bank and watch their movements. I don't intend they shall escape by such a dodge."

So saying, the quartette crept stealthily along the wooded shore, keeping in sight of the drifting flat-boat, but taking good care not to expose themselves.

A sharp wind blowing down the river served as an extra motor to the craft, and compelled the boys to move briskly. And, to make the pursuit still more difficult, the moon was hidden half the time behind banks of drifting clouds and stately pines. The bend, where they expected the enemy to land, was at length reached; but to still add to their surprise, the boat continued on down the stream.

"That's queer," said Rube, "that they should travel toward the Agency, instead of their own stronghold."

"To me it is terribly portentous," remarked Seth.

"Why so?"

"I am afraid the Agency has been captured."

"My heavens! I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Rube.

"If so, we will never see our friends alive," added Gus Stewart.

"I hope that such is not the case," said Chas Pagan.

"I hope so, too," Seth continued; "but nothing else would take the savages down the

river. The two that were in the canoe acquainted those with the captives of the fact; whereupon, all turned in the direction of the Agency. Old Little Crow and his followers have been to the Yellow Medicine what Hawk-Eyes has been to Lake Luster. But as several miles separate us from the post yet, and admitting that such is the case, we must act accordingly; and never let those girls get into deeper danger than they are now in. We must rescue them."

"Suggest your plans," said Rube, "and we will do all in our power to help you. We can't board the flat-boat, I presume?"

"Board it? No! The red-skins are two to one," answered Seth; "and, besides, we'd have to swim to get there. But, let us follow on down the stream. There are more opportunities gained than lost in waiting and watching on the corners."

They moved on down the stream, keeping the flat-boat just in sight and themselves well under cover. As much as two miles had been thus traversed without any chance being offered for the maidens' rescue; and they were fast nearing the Yellow Medicine, where, if the Agency had fallen, all hopes would be lost.

Further delay was dangerous.

"We must do something, boys," Seth declared; "we'll have to meet an opportunity half way this time. I already have an idea in my head. Do you see an object floating on the water a few rods in advance of the flat-boat yonder?"

"Yes; I noticed that some time ago; what is it?" asked Rube Johnson, gazing with knitted brows at the object.

"A canoe, or skiff, floating bottom-up—nothing more. It is doubtless one of those that belong at the ferry, and has been turned loose by red-skins and sent adrift. I am going to utilize it. I believe that I can swim out and get under that canoe; then if you fellows can follow me, one at a time, we will float alongside the raft and board it."

"We can follow you, Seth; but we can't take any firearms," said Rube.

"No, our knives will be all we can take; but if we surprise the savages we will have no trouble in getting possession of the raft and releasing the captives."

"Lead out and we will follow," said Gus, eagerly.

They hurried on down the river, when a bend in the course of the stream threw its entire width under the shadows of the stately pines that guarded the shore. Here was the point selected to initiate Seth's plans; and divesting himself of his superfluous clothing, he entered the water. Throwing himself upon his back, he swam with scarcely an effort, out into the river ere he found that the inverted canoe had floated into the shadows of the bend, while close behind came the flat-boat.

Putting himself into such a position as to counteract the force of the current, he waited until the canoe came up. Then, "ducking" his head under the water, he came up under the craft. An inspection of his covert showed that the sides of the canoe, or rather the gunwale, were surrounded by a narrow box-rim which had been intended as a seat, and which now greatly facilitated the buoyancy of the floating craft. There was plenty room under it for half dozen persons. The ventilation was good; and both form and art was a little hole through which he could see a faint rift of light. He had taken his position near the forward end, and, by placing his hand upon the side, was enabled to float along with the boat quite easily.

The wind was still blowing, and at intervals a wave would dash over or against the craft, causing it to toss and rock. It was pitchy dark under the boat, and the swimmer had begun to cogitate over the further execution of his plans when something touched his legs under the water. His first thought was that one of the boys had followed him and was then outside; but this was soon dispelled when a cold, dripping hand came in contact with his face.

Mechanically he threw up his disengaged hand. It came in contact with a stiff and rigid human arm.

"My God!" burst in horror from his lips; "death is here with me! a lifeless, human creature is my companion!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT WERE THEY DOING THERE?

SURE SHOT SETH felt a chill of repulsive horror pass through his form when he realized that he was shut up under the canoe with a dead person. His first impulse was to leave the dread, dark place; but before he could do so he heard a voice say:

"Divil take the spalpeen!"

The words were audible enough, yet spoken so low that Seth could not recognize the tone nor accent. But he was assured of one thing: if there was a dead man under the canoe, a living one was also there; and thinking that it might be one of his friends who had come there unknown to him, he said:

"Who are you?"

"And it's none ave your busness," was the prompt reply, spoken with the unmistakable Celtic brogue.

"I'll make it my business," replied Seth, "if you don't answer me. Now, sir, who are you?"

"And be the Howly Moses! and yer voice sounds familiar," responded the unknown, speaking louder and in an easier tone.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Seth, "it's Teddy O'Roo!"

"And sure it is, Misher Seth," responded the Irishman.

"Why, boy, the Brigade has mourned you as dead!" answered Seth, completely astonished.

"And it's meself that mourned my death, too; but by the love of the Virgin, mes come out all right side up. The red spalpeens knocked the sines outen me head, and then toot mes off away up here a captive. But mes couldn't stand it, and so mes ups and knock a couple ave the bucks stift, and away mes run, and run till mes reached the river. Then it was dark, and foinding this boat mes tipped her over, got in and set sail down the stream."

"Do you know there is a dozen Indians close behind you?" questioned Seth.

"Divil the bit does mes know it."

"Well, there is; and they have Maggie Harris and Vishnia, the Maid of the Valley, in their power."

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the young Celt; "and whyfore are the varmints going down stream?"

"I am afraid the Agency has fallen into Little Crow's hands, and they are going there."

"Och! and would that an axe-Mary would exterminate old Little Crow and his crew, and mes would put forth all me soul in the proyer."

"The Lord has been with us through all our troubles and trials of the past week; and, rest assured, He will not desert us in the end," re-

splied Seth, feeling that the mercy of a Higher Power watched over them.

"And what brought ye here, Seth, me b'y?"

"I came here in hopes of getting aboard that flat-boat."

"And gitting scalped? What could ye do alone, now?"

"Three others will be here to join me soon."

"Yes; but of Ivan Le Clercq's band. They found out that I was alive and forthwith enlisted under our banner. I left them a few minutes ago."

"Do say, now!" exclaimed Teddy, "wirrah! and what next have you to tell me, Sith?"

"A great deal; but I have not the time now. Isn't a light shining on the water, back of you, Teddy?"

Teddy glanced out at the hole he had cut in the end of the boat, and, sure enough, saw a faint light streaming across the water. It shone from the deck of the flat-boat. The savages had lit a pine torch and fixed it to an upright post in the center of the boat.

"That may interfere, somewhat, with my plans," said Seth, uneasily; "if those boys, however, would come now we might strike whenever the raft floats alongside of us. It seems to me they have had time to reach here."

"Sith, and do you think them b'ys'll do to tie to?" questioned Teddy, manifesting some doubt.

"I believe they will not betray me, nor deceive me in their pretended friendship. They freely admitted their wrongdoings, and begged my forgiveness for what they had done to me."

"They may be all roight, but, seeing as they war on me, it make me juberous of them."

"Well, if they don't come soon, I'll begin to lose faith in their word myself. The time agreed upon for their coming has passed, though some unforeseen event may have prevented their fulfilling their part of the programme. I see the boat is fast gaining on us, and should the savages suspect anybody being under this floating craft, they may give us trouble. It will not be altogether consistent with Indian caution to let us suspicious a look in covert pass unexamined, if by nothing more than a few exploring messengers of lead. The light will be very liable to reveal our craft to them."

"And can't we head her ashore?" asked Teddy.

"To be sure; but by so doing, the only chance to rescue the girls would be lost. I think—at least, I hope—those boys will be along now soon."

"Yis, yis; your roight, Seth, me b'y!" exclaimed Ted, glancing out through the aperture at the flat-boat, which was nearly alongside of them; "just change position and look on board of that boat."

Seth changed position with Teddy, and looking out, he was startled with surprise and bitter disappointment to see, within the glare of the light on board the flat-boat, the forms of Rube Johnson, Gus Stewart and Chris Pagan among those of the savages. They were enjoying the freedom of the boat, and engaged in conversation with the two as unconcerned as you please. Maggie and Vishnia stood at one side of the boat, locked in each other's arms, downcast and sad.

"Oh, curse the folly that ever led me to trust those boys!" cried Seth, in the bitterness of regret.

"Och! and they're the devil's own brats," replied Teddy.

"We'd better be getting out of here," said Seth, "for if they are traitors, they will not let me escape—good heavens!—some one overboard!"

"Holy Mother! it's av the girls!"

These exclamations were occasioned by a wild scream and splash in the river.

Glancing out, Seth beheld Vishnia struggling in the waves; and simultaneously with this discovery, the clash of firearms on board the boat burst through the night—wild, startling and terrible.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RIVER GANTLET.

The flat-boat was alongside the floating canoe.

Vishnia was struggling in the waves close to it; and without a moment's hesitation, or a thought of his own danger, Seth forced the canoe toward her. He soon felt her clinging and struggling at the side of the craft, and reaching out under the edge of the boat, he grasped her by the arm and drew her under the water into the canoe.

Half strangled, she now lay upon the youth's arm, making it difficult for him to keep himself and burden above the water. But Teddy coming to his assistance, the maiden soon recovered from her submersion, and although still in the water to her arm-pits, became pacified by the assuring words of her rescuer whose voice she recognized.

By this time the report of firearms had ceased aboard the flat-boat, and in loud and anxious tones a voice was shouting:

"Seth; ho, Seth!"

It was the voice of Rube Johnson. Something of the truth flashed through the young rifleman's brain, and he felt ashamed of himself.

"Teddy," he exclaimed, "help me remove this canoe from over us. Those boys have captured the flat-boat."

In an instant the canoe had been turned over and the heads of Seth, Teddy and Vishnia uncovered. They clung to the sides of the boat until the raft came up and they were taken aboard.

A shout of triumph pealed from the lips of Rube, Gus and Chas, and was answered, though feebly, by Seth and Teddy. Maggie rushed forward, and with tears of joy in her eyes, received Seth and Vishnia aboard the raft; and for a moment the wildest excitement prevailed.

Three or four dead savages lying at the further extremity of the boat told what the wrongfully-mistrusted boys had been about.

"Boys," said Seth, "how is this? Why did you reverse my plans?"

"Couldn't help it, Seth," answered Rube. "We found a canoe soon after you left us; and having remembered that Ivan Le Clercq had offered us our choice of joining the Indians or becoming outcasts, we resolved to avail ourselves of what he told us. He gave us our time to think the matter over, and in case we concluded to join the red-skins, he gave us certain secret signs which would admit us as friends into the Indian ranks. Well, we jumped into the canoe, paddled over to this boat, gave our signs when discovered, and were taken aboard.

We pretended friendship, and, by and by, succeeded in making them believe that a small party of enemies were on the east side, and

A TALKER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He talked when he was six months old,
Which made his parents proud.
His voice as he grew up in years
Grew stronger and more loud.
He talked before the guests at home,
Who thought he was a bore;
They stuffed his mouth with ginger cake
And made him talk the more.

He talked incessantly at school,
And though the teacher placed
A handkerchief across his mouth
His efforts went to waste.
And when the teacher lashed him sore
That tide of words to balk,
Instead of crying as boys do,
He'd pass out in a talk.

And he grew up to be a man
In language graceful versed,
Of all the talkers in the town
He surely was the first.
He talked on things he did not know,
And things he well knew,
Manufacturing language out
Of every breath he drew.

He talked when he was sound asleep
As well as wide awake;
He never stopped for periods,
And rest he would not take.
His tongue got so to running on
It was as if it was on fire,
He'd talk your ears off in an hour
No matter where or when.

Insurance boards they tried to hire
This fellow by the year.
But ere the bargain closed, he talked
Them from the project, clear.
Boys used to call him like fire
And gave him a berth wide,
Since six or eight with whom he talked
Committed suicide.

At length the air's round the earth
Became exhausted quite—
Although fresh gales from foreign lands
Are seen at noon and night.
He did it. His mouth is on three days
When he lost his breath,
And on his monument is carved,
He talked himself to death.

Cavalry Custer.

From West Point to the Big Horn;

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

II

ALL of our readers have heard of the great war that this country went through from 1861 to 1865. The older ones, no doubt, remember its passage, and many even took part in it. A good many more had fathers, brothers, uncles in that war, some North some South. I do not here propose to say much about it, except to explain how Custer came there, and how he got his name of Cavalry Custer.

The immediate reason of the war was this: A good many of the Southern States of the Union, that is, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South and North Carolina and Virginia, became dissatisfied with the United States government, and determined to separate and set up a government of their own, which they did, calling it the Confederate States. This was in 1861, and at first it was supposed that there was no way the United States could stop them. It so happened, however, that there were certain forts and other property on the coasts of these seceded States, which did not belong to them, but to the United States; and it became a question who should hold these forts. At last the war began in South Carolina, by the people of that State firing on Fort Sumter, in the middle of the harbor of Charleston, and taking it from the United States troops. Then the President called for more troops to take it back, and the great civil war began, all of a sudden. When this happened, Custer was still a boy at West Point, and he saw his classmates, the cadets from the Southern States, one after another, leave the Academy to go home to their own States and take part in the war. All old friendships were broken up, and these lads, friends and schoolmates, all knew when they parted, that when next they met, it would be on the battle-field, as enemies, under different flags. For nearly two months after the taking of Fort Sumter, both parties did nothing but gather together their soldiers and drill them. The Confederates had made their capital city at Richmond, Virginia, and the Union troops were gathered in front of Washington, to protect their own capital and try to capture Richmond. It was thought that if they could do that, the Confederates would be so much disheartened that they would give up the fight, and that was really the way the war was ended at last. But before that time, there were many terrible battles to be fought, thousands of men killed, and four long years to pass by.

When Custer came out of West Point, he was ordered to join the regiment in which he had been made a second lieutenant. This regiment was the Fifth Regular Cavalry, and it was out in the field in front of Washington, at a little stream called Bull Run. He reached his company, after riding all night from Washington, and that very day saw his first battle. The Union soldiers, under General McDowell, attacked the Confederates under General Beauregard. At first the Union troops had everything their own way, but just as the victory seemed decided some fresh Southern troops came up, and attacked the Union men by surprise. Then came a sudden change. The Union troops were seized with a panic and ran away, frightened to death, throwing away their muskets, flags, everything, and a great many kept on all the way to Washington. The only troops that stood and did their duty were the few regulars, among whom was Custer's regiment, and one or two regiments of old steady militia. There were not many men killed or wounded, but the Union troops lost nearly everything they had. Thus they found out in their first battle that it is not enough to have plenty of men and guns to gain a victory, but that the men must be old soldiers, to stand up against misfortune if it comes.

After Bull Run, therefore, the Union men did not try to do any more fighting for some time. They staid around Washington, behind a ring of forts, and began to train and drill their men, to make them real soldiers, and they chose a new general, General McClellan. In drilling soldiers and other hard work, the new officers from West Point were very useful, and Lieutenant Custer worked as hard as any. The winter passed away, the spring came, and at last McClellan determined to move, for he found that he now had a real army of soldiers, of more than a hundred thousand men, enough, as he thought, to take Richmond.

It was determined to move against the Con-

federates, but not by land, over the old Bull Run battle-field. McClellan preferred to move his men by sea, and set them down in the Peninsula formed by the mouths of the Pamunkey and James rivers, on which Richmond lay. By so doing he thought he could get close to Richmond without a fight, as the Southerners had no ships to fight at sea.

It may as well be remarked here, to those who are not quite certain about the places hereafter mentioned, that they can never clearly understand a battle or campaign unless they follow it on the map; then everything becomes plain.

The Union army of McClellan was now called the Army of the Potomac. It was so called because it was first formed on the banks of the Potomac river, to defend Washington. This army took a whole month to move by sea, bit by bit, but at last it was all landed at Fort Monroe, at the very end of the Peninsula, and began to move toward Richmond. Before long, McClellan found that the enemy had got round in front of him, and had dug a great ditch all across the Peninsula, with a bank behind it, at the village of Yorktown, the very place where Washington captured Cornwallis and the English army, eighty years before. Behind the ditch and bank were the Southern army, with cannons and guns, all ready to say "You can't go any further."

So McClellan had to stop and dig a ditch of his own, sending for big guns in his turn, and making a regular sieve of it. This siege first brought Custer into notice. Although the army was large and well-drilled, there was hardly any one in it who understood how to make good fortifications, so that the young West Point officers, who had been taught all this kind of work, were much in request, and Custer found himself taken from his company and appointed an engineer officer.

It was here that he had quite a little adventure one night. He was ordered to take a party of soldiers, with spades, out close to the Southern lines, and dig a ditch for a rifle-pit, that was to be made so close to the enemy that one might have thrown a stone in on either side. It was a very dark night or the soldiers must have been seen. If they had been, the enemy could have killed them all, for they were out in the open ground, while the enemy were lying behind their great ditch and bank.

This sort of work was, of course, the reverse of pleasant to Custer and his men. But they knew it had to be done, or General McClellan would never get to Richmond; so out

moved his army up the Peninsula, following General Johnston, and only moving a few miles a day, but without much fighting. At last General Johnston drew back right into Richmond, behind a little stream called the Chickahominy, and waited for the Union troops to attack him.

Here was the place where Custer found his second great chance in life, and took it. The army was coming slowly along on the road toward Richmond, and between them and the enemy lay a valley, the bottom of which was filled with a dark, swampy forest, hiding the Chickahominy from view. On the other side were some low hills; and beyond that, every one knew that they would be able to see the church steeples of Richmond, the city they had come from their homes on purpose to take. It was only four miles off, now, and they felt full of hope as they marched along.

It must not be supposed that the army could see anything of Richmond. For that matter, they could not see any enemy, they could not even see the whole of their own army. When we think what a number of them there were, we can imagine this. McClellan had an army of a hundred thousand men. We all know of a army of a hundred thousand people is a very big city. There are not many such in the United States. An army stretches over much more ground than a city, and if McClellan's army had marched all on one road, with its wagons, it would have made a column fifty miles long. But, instead of that, it was broken into ever so many little columns, moving abreast of each other, and all these little columns found themselves stopped at the same time by the great dark swamp and black forest, where the stream of the Chickahominy, just like a river of ink, stole along between black banks of mud. There was no telling how deep that was, nor how many of the enemy might be hiding in the dark thicket on the other side, waiting to pick off the Union men, if they tried to cross. So the army halted, and went into camp, and McClellan told his chief engineer, Colonel Barnard, to go down and examine the river.

Barnard beckoned to a young officer near by, and, of course, we all know who the young officer was. It was Lieutenant Custer, whose opportunity had come. The old engineer galloped down to the river, followed by Custer, and they were soon outside the line of sentinels, called "pickets," that were placed there to watch the enemy. These pickets were at the edge of the wood,

It had been quite a romance—Felix Carris-court's and Grace Leal's courtship. He had seen her, been smitten with her wonderful beauty, fallen unmeasurably in love with her, and, in a moment of what he called "weakness," and afterward cursed, he made her his wife, and for a few brief weeks, until his fancy was sated and while inconstancy was in reserve, Grace Carris-court had been in a heaven of delight, and laughed, in her own happy heart, at the warnings friends had given her of Felix Carris-court's reputation as a gambler, a *roue*, and thanked Heaven that it had given her darling for her own.

Three months afterward, if Grace had not been as proud as she was loyal and true, she would have told a different story—of neglect, of sneers, of unhesitatingly-expressed regrets that he—her husband—had ever seen her.

And then he was killed, with awful suddenness. He left her at eleven o'clock of a bright autumn morning, with words of cursing on his handsome lips, because she had ventured to tell him people who valued his life; and before mid-day they carried him to her, dead.

She was not eighteen years old, then—not more than a month or so over seventeen—and a widow—the widow of a man who had spent the large income given him by a wealthy, indulgent old father, whose own young days had been very like his youngest son's; so, when her dead was laid forever away, and the expenses paid, and the bills that came swarming in settled, Grace found there was not fifty dollars left for her to begin her life with; and then she realized that it would have been best had she so ordered her plans that her husband's expenses should have been paid by his people—his proud old family, over in England, from whom she was daily expecting advice as to the final disposition of the youngest son's remains.

She waited weeks for an answer to her modest letter in which she gave all the sad particulars, the while using every effort to obtain employment, and living in such vivid contrast to the home she had reveled in for such a little while.

But no letter ever came; and she never knew that the Carris courts had sent a messenger over

"Remarkably handsome, Ollivant. If she sings as 'Mignon' as well as she looks in her proprie persons, there is a treat in store for me, at least, I presume you fellows have heard her often."

And Mr. Brooke Carris-court, lately returned from his Southern tour—Mr. Brooke Carris-court, eldest son and sole heir to the vast family estate—Mr. Brooke Carris-court, who had once sent such a cruel, such an insulting note away across the Atlantic, did not know it was the pictured face of his brother's widow upon which he was looking; nor, when he leaned eagerly forward in his box, a few nights later, to feast his artist eyes on Gracieure's magnificent blonde beauty, and regale his aesthetic senses on her exquisite voice, and faultless manner, did he know it was his sister-in-law who was the idol of every heart she thrilled.

But Gracieure knew. It was for some such time as this that she had been waiting for years—long, patient waiting, while she toiled, and drudged, and wept, and persevered, until the great natural talent God had given her was made her fortune, her slave.

Gracieure knew it was he whose letter had never once left her possession, which she had read and reread in moments of trial and moments of triumph. She had asked of her agent at once if Mr. Carris-court were in the house, and when she saw him she knew him from his resemblance to her dead husband.

She was royally magnificent that night—she had a well-defined object in view, and all the art of her splendid toilet was brought to compare with her matchless beauty. And Brooke Carris-court, looking at her with eyes in which admiration changed to eager delight, and warmed into something deeper still, made up his mind that of all the women he ever had seen, that this starry-eyed, ebon-haired, graceful Gracieure was his choice.

And Gracieure sung, and smiled, and wept, and enchanted every heart, and Brooke Carris-court, after the opera was over, sent a most courteous note to her, begging the inestimable honor of an introduction through his fortunate and happy friend, Percival Ollivant.

And a tiny little violet-colored, cream-tinted sheet, bearing an intricate monogram that might have been two C's or two G's, or a G and C—if Brooke Carris-court had only known Gracieure was Grace Carris-court.

And the daintily-written note assured that Mademoiselle Gracieure was not in the habit of receiving strangers!

It was presumptuous—to Brooke Carris-court of all men, with his grand old family name, and entailed estates, and tremendous rent-rolls, and embarrassingly large income; and that gentleman ground his drooping blonde mustache and did just what Gracieure had intended he should do—persevere hotly until he should succeed in meeting her.

And he met her, and was introduced to her in strict accordance with the most rigid rules of etiquette; and if she had charmed him at a distance, she enchanted him doubly now, with her bewitching ways and her lovely smile and her brightest intelligence.

Men began to envy him his good fortune—it was on every one's tongue that Carris-court and the prima donna were engaged, and Gracieure neither denied nor admitted the truth, but flushed and smiled, and Carris-court was too genuinely in love to dare do either.

He fairly worshiped her. He was at her side whenever it was possible for him to be, and she seemed to enjoy his society as well as he did hers—so well, that there was not a shadow of a doubt of his acceptance on his heart, when he told her, one evening, that he loved her so, and wanted her so, and pictured the life of luxury and ease she would enjoy as his darling wife.

And Gracieure seemed to be enchanted with what he said, and made him feel that he was already in the seventh heaven.

"You talk so exquisitely," she said, with one of her bewitching little laughs, "I think you should tell it to me so I can read it whenever I wish. Write me a letter, Mr. Carris-court—I do so love letters."

And Brooke Carris-court wrote his passion down as best he could, as he would have done anything his siren bade him; and he pleaded with all the ardor and eloquence of which he was master that she would take him for her own.

And Grace Carris-court read it with glistening eyes, in which was not one gleam of pity.

"My time has come, now!"

And for all answer she sent him back the penciled note he had sent across the seas to her; and beneath it she wrote:

"Gracieure, otherwise Grace Carris-court, the widow of your brother Felix."

How he took it she never knew—never cared, for the very next steamer took her from England, where her work was done; and a year later, she was happily married.

But it was a bitter drop in Brooke Carris-court's cup—rather, a cup full of bitterness; but he had no one to blame but himself!

It is evident that the habit of idle young men going to "their uncle" to raise funds had begun to excite remark even in ancient times. Solomon's oft quoted advice, "Go to the aunt, thou sluggard," would at least seem to strengthen this supposition.

An Irishman went to the theater for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses he asked: "An' what piece do ye play nix?"

"What's the derivation of the word Yankee?" asked a school principal of the smart boy on visitors' day. "Why, when Johnny Bull tried to yank us out of our rights," replied the juvenile, "he acted in the capacity of the yanker, and the Americans consequently became the yankees."

New Books.

Among the most entertaining and popular Novels of the Year must be named the new CITY LIFE NOVELS, by Mr. Albert W. Aiken, whose serial stories had such large currency in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. In the PHANTOM HAND (to issue March 5th) readers have a novel of singular beauty, power and mystery. Given complete in a fine TWENTY CENT volume it is thus brought within easy reach of all lovers of popular romance. Others of Mr. Aiken's City Life Stories to follow will render the series very attractive indeed—and as cheap as they are attractive.

BRAVE BARBARA, by Corinne Cushman, is undoubtedly one of the most charming Society and Love Stories recently published—a dollar and a half novel for twenty-five cents!

To meet the demand for the Best Things at the Cheapest Rates Messrs. BEADLE & ADAMS give it, and other volumes of like attractiveness, in their admirable "Cheap Edition of Popular Authors," at the remarkably low price of twenty-five cents each—which will command it to a large sale.



Custer drew his revolver, held it up in the air, and jumped in to the black, slimy waters.

they went into the dark, without saying a word, and began to shovel away in dead silence. Luckily it was soft ground, or the enemy must have heard them. As it was, while they worked, they could hear the Southern soldiers talking to each other around their camp-fires, and could hardly believe but what they would be found out. Lieutenant Custer walked softly around among his men, giving all his orders in a whisper, and so they kept on all night, till when the morning dawned, the Southerners were surprised to see the long line of bank that indicated the rifle-pit, and were greeted with such a fire that they could no longer work with their guns in that neighborhood.

So the siege went on, every day McClellan bringing up more guns, and getting ready for a bombardment. To find out what the enemy were doing, the Union army used to send up balloons at the end of a long rope, and each balloon had an officer with a spy-glass. Here, again, Custer was made useful, and he was the first officer who was sent up to watch the enemy. He used to do this every morning and evening, when the enemy had their camp-fires lighted, so that he could estimate their numbers by the line of fire.

At last, one morning, when he went up, long before sunrise, he noticed something strange. There were no more fires; and though he waited till daylight, none were seen. Then he suddenly made up his mind that the Southerners had stolen away in the night, so he gave the signal and was pulled down by the men holding the rope, when he went and reported what he had seen.

Then it was found out that the Southerners, general, Johnston, seeing that McClellan was quite ready to batter down his works, and that he had detained him long enough, had retreated toward Richmond. The next thing was to follow him, and the whole army set out on its march, in the midst of a terrible rain storm. People at home don't know what that means with army, but the Union soldiers soon found out, and so did Custer, when they saw the long trains of army wagons stretching for miles and miles, cutting up the soft road into mud, where the horses stuck fast, and the wheels were buried, and the soldiers were up to their knees in red clay, and everything was miserable. There was no fun in that, and no fun when they came up with the enemy, some seven miles off, at Williamsburg, and had a furious battle, where nearly three thousand men were killed and wounded. Then, very slowly and cautiously, General McClellan

and several of them warned Barnard and Custer to go no further, for they felt sure that the woods were full of enemies. The old engineer only smiled and went on into the wood. He had seen, from the top of the hill, with a spy-glass, that the enemy's main pickets were on the other side of the river. He and Custer tied their horses in the wood, and then went on foot through the swamp, now nearly dry, till at last they stood right at the edge of the deep, black stream that was rolling sluggishly along its muddy banks, and on the other side of which was another deep, mysterious-looking forest.

Then Barnard turned to Custer, and pointed to the other bank.

"Jump in," said the old engineer to the young one.

Very few people would have liked that order, with a muddy bank and a stream like a river of ink to cross. Neither did Custer. He was a poor swimmer, and had all his clothes on. Moreover, if he went across, there was a chance that the enemy might shoot him from behind a tree, or wait and capture him on the other side. Most men would have hesitated, for a moment.

Without a word, Custer drew his revolver, held it up in the air, and